

A MAGAZINE FOR LOVERS OF GOOD READING

THE *Liguorian*

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Vol. XXXIII
No. 7

JULY, 1945

\$1.00 Per Year
\$2.00 in Canada



Box A, Oconomowoc, Wisconsin





Amongst Ourselves

Vacation time this year should hold a large place for reading. It should not be a time for travel. It has been made clear by announcements over the radio and in the newspapers that there will not be room on the trains for ordinary civilian travel. A couple of million service men will be trying to get home for a short furlough before going off to another war, or trying to get home to stay, an honorable discharge in their pocket. With an average 10,000 of these men landing at eastern ports every day, it becomes clear how much train space will be needed to distribute them about the country.

We know that many civilians will not be deterred by these facts from conniving and elbowing their way into trains. They will be the ones whom we hear, whenever our business forces us to travel these days, complaining about the crowded conditions and poor accommodations. They will be the ones who will be seen demanding that porters carry their golf bags and tennis rackets and fishing equipment, while all around them soldiers are carrying their heavy duffelbags and looking for a place to drop them. They will crowd into the seats of a train, leaving the soldiers to stand in the aisles. They will be deeply offended when they are kept out of diners until all service men have been fed. They are undeserving of the victory that has been won for them in one war, and of that which will yet cost the lives of many of those whom they are inconveniencing now.

Little sympathy will be wasted on them if they are left standing on station platforms, or shorn of their reservations at the last moment, or stranded in out-of-the-way places. The thankful American will cut his travel to a minimum during July and August, and when he must travel, will take the necessary inconveniences with a smile.

We have been so honestly amazed at the job the railroads have done during the war, that we have in preparation an article on the romance of the railroads, with plenty of unusual, little dreamed of facts about their growth, equipment, plans for the future, etc. It will be an outstanding "romance of the commonplace." Speaking of romances, we'll wager that few readers have any idea of the vast importance of coal in their daily lives, as revealed in the article on that subject in this issue. And that goes for those who use oil or gas or any other substance for fuel.

A word about the associate editors of *THE LIGUORIAN* on leave: Chaplain E. F. Miller is in the general area of Heidelberg in Germany, and is resigned to quite a long stay with the Army of Occupation. Chaplain L. G. Miller is in the Philippine Islands, working for a unit engaged in mopping up operations of Japanese held areas. . . . There are pleasant rumors to the effect that the paper shortage may end all but entirely by the end of the year. In the meantime, there are necessary limitations, and it is just as important that waste paper be saved and salvaged. . . .

The Liguorian

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One Dollar per Year — (Canada and Foreign, \$1.25)

Entered as second-class matter August 29th, 1913, at the Post Office at Oconomowoc, Wisconsin, under the act of March 3, 1879. — Acceptance for mailing at special rates of postage provided for in section 1103, act of October 3, 1917. Authorized July 17, 1918.

Published with ecclesiastical approval

THE *Liguorian*

July, 1945

a magazine for the lovers of good reading



*Devoted to the Unchangeable Principles of Truth, Justice, Democracy and Religion,
and to All That Brings Happiness to Human Beings*

The Latest in Radio

Some day, a dream somewhat like this one will come true. It will help if many people keep on dreaming.

D. F. Miller

THE other night I had a dream. I found myself in the midst of the brave new world that had come into being after all the wars had ended. It was a beautiful world. The new automobiles were masterpieces of mechanical perfection and visions of beauty combined with the utmost practicality. New homes were springing up on every side, each one with at least a half acre of romping space for children and gardening space for mothers and fathers; each one equipped with the latest in air-conditioning, refrigeration and kitchen furnishings. Train travel had reached a degree of speed and comfort never dreamed of in the 30's; huge airplanes made trips to Europe and cross country jaunts but week-end outings.

But it was the radio that held the most prominent part in my dream. All the fantastic promises of mechanical progress had been fulfilled. Static had been completely eliminated. There were gadgets that made it possible to select a whole day's programs ahead of time, so that there was no necessity of twirling the dials every half hour. There was perfection of tone quality, the finest selectivity, and of course — television.

But radio held the most prominent part of my dream because I was, in the dream, a member of a committee or board that was operating a high-powered, completely Catholic broadcasting station. With the advent of frequency-modulation technique, hundreds of new wave-lengths had been made possible. The diocese to which I belonged had combined with a number of neighboring dioceses to obtain an FCC charter for the one we were operating. There had been arguments against permitting Catholics to operate their own station, but freedom of speech finally won out, supported by the fact that so many other religious organizations had long before been granted charters. Now all the mechanical problems had been ironed out; the best technicians available had been hired to keep the station functioning; the financial angle was looked after by a group of able and thoroughly Catholic business men. It was our task only to direct the programs and decide on the material to be used over the air.

In my dream, we of the programming committee were in the midst of a meeting. We had discussed the type of music to be used, the kind of speeches and instructions that would

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be broadcast, the dramatizations that had been submitted by our drama committee, and many other things. My friend, Father Smith, who had just completed a course in "Entertainment Values" which was now offered at the Catholic University, took the floor.

"One thing that we must eliminate almost entirely," he said, "is the old time commercial. Whatever advertising we permit must be on a high and dignified plane. People are sick and tired of being told that their liver will decay in 24 hours if they don't buy Jones' Jellied Liver Pills, or that they will die old maids if they don't use a certain kind of soap, or that their hair will fall out like straw if they don't paste it down with some oily concoction. That kind of advertising has been the bane of radio. With all the mechanical advances in the field, we must make equal progress in the dignity and decency of advertising. The old style commercial must be taboo."

"There," I found myself saying dogmatically, "I must in part disagree with you, Father Smith. True, the old commercial had its faults. It created fixations. It spoiled good music, good singing, good speeches, good humor. But it had a kind of hypnotic influence at the same time. People listened to it as if under a spell. They snorted and fumed while it was going on, and then when they entered a drug store they bought the product they swore they would never use again."

"All very true," said Father Brown, our music expert, "but that is no reason why we should —"

"Hold on a minute till I'm through," I said calmly. "What I propose to do is this: Let's use the hypnotic power of the commercial to put across a worthwhile message. Let's

work on the fear mechanism of people to make them afraid of things really worth fearing."

There was a stir in the room. There was shaking of heads. There were undertones of doubt and mistrust.

"I have here," I said, taking some notes from my pocket, a number of sample commercials such as I suggest. I'll read a few of them to you:

"Madam, do you find that you are losing your husband's love and affection? Does he come home at night and seem restless, silent, ill-at-ease? Is he anxious to get away from you and the children every time he has a chance? If so, you have reached a crisis in your marriage and in your home. Surely you will want to know the remedy for the situation. That remedy is very simple. You have probably been failing in charity, thoughtfulness, kindness and consideration. Examine your conscience and see whether a great deal of selfishness hasn't been evident in your daily life. Stop grumbling over how hard you have it, and complaining about how little recreation you have. Quit nagging about little things that upset you. Determine to go out of your way to please your husband, for the love of God, and you will soon win all his love back again."

"See what I mean?" I said. "Here's another:

"My friend, do you wake up in the morning feeling as if life is not worth living? dreading the thought of another day at the office or plugging away at the same old job? Is there a dull pain at the back of your head and a dry, bitter taste in your mouth? If so, the probability is that you are drinking too much liquor. You are well on your way to a state of complete inefficiency and weakness, from

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which your self-respect will diminish, your family will suffer, your health will be ruined, and your soul will be lost. Wake up, man, and save yourself while there is time! You can do that by letting liquor alone. Go to a Catholic priest and take the pledge, and accept his suggestions as to how you can be faithful in keeping it. Do it now — today!"

The committee was beginning to show some interest. Some of the men were hanging on my words. I could see I had them. Instead of head-shaking, there was head-nodding. To hold them in that mood, I read another:

"'All the world loves a lover. Yes, what is so charming as young lovers in June, walking arm in arm amid the flowers of a park, or gazing out over the waters of a lake while they plan a happy future that they hope will last forever. But here's a word of warning for young lovers. Beware of cheating yourselves out of that happy future by forgetting the obligation of purity now. Beware of the suggestion that you can break God's law and still have God smiling down on your

marriage. Be decent, be clean, be pure with one another, and your love will be blessed and God will be good to you always.'"

I stopped. Father Smith said, with restrained enthusiasm: "I think you've got something there."

Father Brown said: "Not a bad idea, although I'm not so keen on some of your words and phrases."

Father Kelly rubbed his hands and said: "A great idea! We could take one commandment each day and plug it fore and aft of every program. We could sell charity, forgiveness, purity, honesty, anything, if we go at it the right way."

It was right then that I woke up. The Japanese war was still going on in all its fury. My old radio, which I had forgotten to turn off, was sputtering and booming with static. I realized that the marvellous future of which I had dreamed was still in the blueprint stage. I turned off the radio and settled down to go back to sleep, wishing, like Dagwood Bumstead, that my dream would continue where it had broken off.

Resting in Peace

One Yank who will bring home a good story from the European war is the Irishman who became the main figure at a Mass for the Dead. It happened this way.

This soldier, a private in the Third Army, had gone several days without sleep. When his outfit reached a certain Belgian village, he was granted an opportunity to recuperate his dwindling energies. It was 2:30 a.m. when he found what to him was a haven of refuge—a Catholic Church. The church door was open. He went in, proceeded to the sanctuary, put aside his arms, slipped into his bedroll and fell into a sound sleep.

At 7 in the morning there was a Requiem Mass scheduled in the Church. The priest who was to say the Mass saw the sleeping Yank in the sanctuary. He decided not to disturb him but to let him rest while the Mass went on. So the Mass was offered "with the body present," while the people piously attended and said their prayers. In moving about the sanctuary the priest had to step over the body at times, but he did so without ceremony. Near the end of the Mass, the Yank awoke. Too horrified to move, he played possum till the end and the congregation had departed. Then he went to the priest and apologized. The good Belgian curé sent him away with a blessing.

The Kingdom Within

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Entering hearts through rended Host,

Mind Him, Lovely Three, Who dying
Said not guile, deceit, or lying,
This, Thy Christ, on Cross defeated,
But fore-spoke to be repeated
Agelessly, this ghastly frolic,
In sunrise, earth-wide death symbolic,

That' e'er a victim, He might flood
My soul, with lightsome, salving blood,
And darkness round my cross dispelling,
Bequeath Thee, Triune God's deep dwelling.

W. KARRER

On The Uses of Coal

This catalogue of the place coal now holds in almost every department of human living will make anyone, wonder how we could do without it, and thank God for the huge store of it that lies under our soil.

J. C. Grabowski

TO MOST Americans, coal is just a black chunk of . . . well, coal, to be burned in the furnace. Little do they realize how much it influences their daily lives. The insignificant looking lump of mineral, dirty to touch and unsightly to see, is paradoxically the very foundation of our industrial economy, and the source of a magical empire as beautiful and useful as man can imagine.

Coal — the energy that heats homes, runs railroads, smelts ores, generates electricity.

Coal — the almost inexhaustible storehouse from which streams an amazing procession. Dyes of myriad hues more beautiful than the rainbow. Medicines and drugs to keep us well. Nylon, perfumes and cosmetics to make milady lovely. Plastics, rubber and explosives for our fighting men. Paints, solvents, antiseptics, food preservatives, down through a list of well over two hundred products, all stem from coal.

Hardly another single item is so basically important to our national war effort. Nor is there another that enters our work-a-day and personal world so many times and in so many ways.

Coal also has a *Story behind the story*. The men who mine the coal. These heroes, for heroes they are, every one, are perhaps the most criticized and least understood of all the great numbers of American working men.

The origin of coal has never been definitely established. Generally accepted, however, is the theory that coal is the result of vegetative growth covered and compressed by sand, mud and sediment. The vegetation decays. Under the pressure from its over-covering, and from the action of its chemical composition, it gradually mineralizes.

Whether near the surface, or deep within the earth, nature has stored away an abundant supply of this useful material. The classes or kinds of coal are several, ranging from Lignite, a soft brownish substance, to the hard, black anthracite. But we are generally acquainted with the two varieties, Anthracite, commonly called *hard coal*, and Bituminous or *soft coal*. It is the latter that is the most plentiful. Bituminous coal is our predominant fuel, and the basis for coal chemistry.

At what time man first learned the usefulness of coal, is not known. Very excellent coal-burning stoves have been found in the ruins of Pompeii. Greek historians refer to it three hundred years before Christ, and in England it was used as early as 852 A.D.

Pere Marquette and Joliet were the first to discover coal in the United States in 1673. According to a map in Marquette's Journal, published a few years later, coal was found near the city of Utica, Illinois.

Another priest, Father Louis Hennepin, chaplain in La Salle's expedition to the Illinois country, also men-

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tioned the finding of coal near the Illinois River in 1680. However this section of the country was not the first to see the mining of coal.

Near Richmond, Virginia, stands the first coal mine to be put into operation in this country in the year 1750. Since then Bituminous coal mining has mushroomed out over thirty-two states, from Pennsylvania in the east, to Utah, Oregon and Washington in the west. And from North Dakota to states as far south as Texas and Alabama. Anthracite, hard coal, is found almost exclusively in Pennsylvania.

Today the coal industry in the United States is the most efficient in the world, and our miners produce more coal than the rest of the world combined. The 1944 tonnage reached an all time high of 684,500,000 tons. A mighty mountain of coal.

It requires a huge stock of fuel to fire America's furnaces, boilers and stoves, and it is coal that supplies the major part of that need. That steel is the backbone of the nation, is quite a common expression. But if steel is the backbone, then coal is the energy that keeps it alive and makes it grow.

The metallurgical industry depends upon coal for heat in the smelting of ore. The armor plate that goes into tanks, ships and guns owes its toughness to coal. Practically everything in the home, office or shop made of metal has been forged or smelted with coal.

Note the manufacturing districts of cities, even entire industrial towns. See the chimneys that tower over factories and mills; they mean coal! The railroads that transport the nation's merchandise and food, fighting men and materials—two thirds of these use coal. More than one half of

all electric power is generated by coal, and two thirds of the dwellings and office buildings are heated with it.

But coal is not alone in the field. Petroleum, a kind of natural sister to coal, has been a serious competitor, especially in the uses of heating, railroads and Diesel power. This encroachment has stimulated the coal industry to programs of research and development with remarkable results.

Combustion efficiency has been greatly increased, which means getting more heat from the same amount of coal. New coal operated locomotives have just been announced by the Pennsylvania Railroad, which develop speeds up to 120 miles per hour. One of these super giants is powered by a steam turbine instead of cylinders, and covers 123 feet of track.

These new combustion principles have virtually eliminated the smoke, grime and dirt usually associated with Bituminous coal. No longer will it be necessary to blame the smoke problem of our cities on coal. New developments in coal equipment have also aided the *fuel problem* since Pearl Harbor.

In the face of heavy military demands, and fear of depleting our petroleum reserves, the government was forced to restrict the use of petroleum. This program hit not only users of gasoline but of fuel oil also.

Coal now becomes the fuel of the hour. Not because war demands compelled industrial and domestic users of fuel oil to convert to coal, but because coal so adequately filled the gap.

Some oil furnaces could be changed to coal with very little trouble, but not so with all. The fire boxes in oil burning equipment are quite often unsuitable for solid fuel, and the change would mean rebuilding at an

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expense mounting into thousands and hundreds of thousands of dollars. Besides, there is the consideration of man power and strategic materials needed elsewhere. But coal was still the answer.

Where oil was unavailable, coal was finely powdered, blown through pipes and burned very much like oil or gas. In other instances where fuel oil was available but rationed, a colloidal fuel was developed. It is a mixture of about two thirds oil and one third pulverized coal, thus effecting quite a saving in oil.

But new improvements are by no means limited to industrial uses. Homemakers will welcome the newly perfected bungalow heaters and stoves. Imagine a living-room furnace that will operate for sixty or more hours on one loading, with no smoke, and one third less ashes. This ultra-modern heating device will cost about sixty dollars, and is adequate for heating four or five dwelling rooms. It now stands tested and ready for mass production as soon as the necessary materials are released for consumer use.

Streamlined coal-burning kitchen ranges, smart in appearance, and embodying these same improvements, will also be available to the public when strategic materials are released.

Unbelievable as it may sound, this new design in stoves is the first revolutionary improvement since the days of Benjamin Franklin, over two hundred years ago. And coal stoves found in the ruins of Pompeii, which were used in 500 B.C., are actually superior to many models made within the past quarter century.

It seems that we are finally recovering and improving upon the art of stove making. But coal, whether it

be used in stoves, fireplaces or boilers, is America's premium fuel.

Besides fuel energy, Bituminous coal is an interminable source of by-products that are breath-taking in their variety. Amazing wonders have been worked with coal through chemistry. These by-products furnish us with four of our most important basic war chemicals — phenol, toluene, ammonia, and naphthalene — and form the basis of 85 per cent of all war plastics.

First in the process, the coal is placed in a by-product oven and heated to a certain degree. The temperature forces the volatile materials from the coal. The remaining substance, coke, is the critical fuel needed in the production of steel and other metals.

The volatile materials, gas, tar, light oil, and ammonium sulfate are captured. These are further refined and put to many uses by chemistry. Many strategic chemicals and materials imported before the war are now obtained from coal.

We have more potential rubber buried in our coal fields than in all the islands captured by Japan. Coal supplies one fourth of the material for neoprene, our synthetic rubber. This is by no means synthetic in the sense of a cheap imitation. It possesses the good qualities of natural rubber plus many desirable properties of its own. We now produce more of this material than we imported of natural rubber prior to the war.

Naphthalene, another coal-product, plays an important part in the manufacture of dyes, resins, and smokeless powder. Coal-product dyes have now been tested in every type of weather and climate. They are one reason why the American soldier is called the best

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dressed fighter in history. Dyes, once imported, are now an integral part of our industry.

Wherever our fighting men go, coal products accompany them. Lucite, a crystal clear plastic made from coal, is used for the transparent noses of bombers. Countless tons of explosives are manufactured with benzol and toluene, both coal-chemicals.

Other coal-product plastics are moulded into any number of objects, from gun stocks to electrical insulation and bottle caps. Zelan, another product invaluable to the armed forces, is a water repelling finish for textiles. It is used for uniforms, field jackets and other military clothing. It remains waterproof even after rough use and repeated laundering.

But the pride of coal products is nylon. This plastic material has so many excellent properties that it appears almost too wonderful to be true. Nylon fabric can be used for more than stockings, and when compared to silk cloth, even the little silkworm is forced to hide its head in shame. Before the war nylon bristles were used for tooth brushes. Now essential industries use nylon bristle paint brushes which have proved to be far superior to the expensive, imported hog-hair type.

Nylon is strong and springy, yet without the sudden snap-back of elastic material. It is one of the lightest plastics, inert to acids, alkalis, and oils. Mildew cannot effect it, neither does it burn or rot. What is more, it can withstand over three times more heat than can other plastics. With these virtues, is it any wonder that its possibilities are well-nigh inexhaustible?

Nylon was restricted to military uses early in 1942. It is now used for

the strong parachutes needed to lower jeeps, cars and guns. Nylon rope is the perfect shock cord for picking up and towing gliders. One glider cable 350 feet in length will make 1620 pairs of women's stockings.

After the war, nylon will no longer be confined to fabric, but will also be moulded into countless useful objects. We shall even have zippers and window screens fashioned from this versatile plastic.

Another miracle of coal has taken place in pharmaceutical products, especially coal tar chemicals. If it had not been for the sulfa drug family — made from coal — many a soldier and civilian would be lost to infections. Atabrine, another valuable drug taking the place of quinine, is used to prevent and treat malaria. Besides these there are new antiseptics, anesthetics, germicides, insecticides, commercial fertilizers and many other drugs and chemicals almost too numerous to mention.

Yet, the possibilities of coal have hardly been touched. Science is continually discovering and developing new uses for this material which is so abundant in America. For whereas our coal deposits will continue to supply us for two thousand years, according to conservative estimate, the opinions regarding our petroleum reserves are hotly disputed, and not so bright. They vary from 15 to 200 years.

Perhaps the day is not far off when we shall be using gasoline made from coal. In Germany, such gasoline has already been widely used. The only reason this product is not now on the market in America is the cost of production. The price of gasoline made from coal is just double what we now pay.

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The remarkable service coal is giving to man would be impossible were it not for the men who mine it. In spite of the unfavorable spotlight so often turned upon them, they are peculiar in only one respect. They are too little known.

In almost every neighborhood we know a butcher, a banker, and even a lawmaker. But how many coal miners do we know? Molders of public opinion forget that these people are the same as other workers; that they love, marry, raise families, laugh and cry, like to see a movie or go fishing; that they contributed over three and a half million dollars to war relief agencies, and now hold over 170 million dollars worth of war bonds and stamps; that they have their sons and daughters in the armed forces; that they ask the same things of life as other Americans.

Coal miners must not be confused with pick and shovel laborers, or section gang workers. Theirs is an occupation requiring skill of head and hand, and technical knowledge of modern mine machinery. For coal-mining is no longer a hand-tool affair, but a highly mechanized industry using millions of dollars worth of heavy equipment.

The dangers that coal miners face daily are almost unequaled. Coal mining is one of the most hazardous of American industries. It has six times the fatalities of our industrial average, and each year three out of every one thousand miners meet a violent death.

The yearly totals seem fantastic. Casualties run sixty to seventy thousand, with twelve to fourteen hundred killed. Death daily visits the mines in many forms, but the greatest tolls are through cave-ins, the removal of coal to the surface, and gas and dust ex-

plosions. At least four miners are sacrificed on every weekday of the year. Sometimes an entire crew is wiped out at once.

During 1940, eight major mine disasters in Ohio, Pennsylvania, and West Virginia, caused the death of 257 men. In March of that year, one mine explosion near Willow Grove, Ohio, snuffed out the lives of 72. The largest single disaster of 1944 occurred in Bellaire, Ohio. On July 5, 66 men met their death in the Powhattan mine fire. These brave men were survived by 57 widows and 140 children.

The history of mining is filled with similar accounts. Statistics show that in the past 14 years, casualties have decreased but little. Between 1940 and 1943, 277,366 men were killed or injured in U. S. and Canadian mines.

The nation's coal miners, in peace time or war, are doing a heroic work. They have been much maligned. They are a great body of American workers, almost 400,000 strong. They have a well-organized union. They have given 86,000 of their men to the armed forces. A large army of retired miners have returned to work in spite of their additional handicap of old age. Because of these men, some of whom are seventy to eighty years old, the average age of the miner has increased 13 years. Yet they continue to break all records.

The condition termed "Coal Shortage" has not been due to the coal industry, but to the lack of adequate transportation, and repair parts for the mining machinery. It is not due to the miners, who maintain a 54 hour basic work-week, but to the lack of man power. They are operating with 72,000 less men than they had in 1942. In spite of it all, they continue to mine the nation's coal.

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Until very recently, hardly a word of praise was raised, but at last some recognition of their efforts has been made. On December 4th of 1944, the Columbia Broadcasting System saluted the coal industry with a special program. Primes Prude, a 71-year-old active coal-miner was interviewed by Lt. Tyrone Power, USMC, during the broadcast. And on January 27, 1945, the Blue Network and Allis-Chalmers Company saluted the coal industry during the Boston Symphony Hour.

R.K.O. Pictures has added to its "This is America" series, a motion picture about the coal industry, called "Power Unlimited." It was released February 1, 1945. This picture brings

to the American public some idea of the coal-miner as a man and the work he does. However, the picture portrays only the best conditions, and the miners have criticized it for failing to show scenes from those mining camps where conditions parallel those of big city slums.

Whether recognized or not, whether praised much or little, the coal-miner is doing a valiant job and is proud of it. America should be proud of it. The coal industry, involving two million people, supplies the life blood for our industrial economy. Coal, through its heat energy, plastics and chemicals, is building America.

Who's Laughing Now?

An editor who read the story of how American soldiers had a hearty laugh when they came across a New Guinea chieftain who was proudly wearing a safety pin as an earring, sent out a reporter to take a brief walk through an American city's streets, noting any unusual ear adornments. Here is what the reporter saw in American ears:

1. Wish Bones.
2. A twice divorced woman with two wedding rings hanging from her ears.
3. Flashlight bulbs.
4. Miniature silver pitchers.
5. Two watches, each showing different times, and both wrong.
6. Tiny editions of Shakespeare's plays.

Birth Record

A young business man, a deacon in his local church, was going to New York on business and while there was to purchase a new sign to be hung in front of the church. He copied the motto and dimensions, but when he got to New York discovered he had left the notations behind. He wired his wife: "Send motto and dimensions."

An hour later a message came over the wire and the new lady clerk who had just come from lunch and who knew nothing of the previous message, read it and fainted.

The message said: "Unto us a child is born. Six feet long and two feet wide."

A Song to Remember

Tokyo Rose is one of the regular Japanese propaganda broadcasters, acting somewhat in the capacity of Lord Haw Haw in Germany. Previous to the invasion of the Philippines by the American forces, she was broadcasting one day from Saigon. Suddenly she interrupted a swing band record to announce that Japanese planes had just sunk 19 enemy aircraft carriers. Then she went back to her music with the following words: "We continue the musical program with a recording of the popular hit: 'With My Eyes Wide Open I'm Dreaming.'"

On Dreams and Fortunetellers

Of perennial human interest are the questions: May a person believe in dreams? Is it wrong to consult fortunetellers? Father Casey has forthright answers for both questions.

C. D. McEnniry

IN THE early days at Huggins Pastures, when telephones and automobiles were unknown, if Father Casey wanted to get in touch with one of his young men of a Sunday afternoon, the first house he would try would be that of Lumkins, the nurseryman. Lumkins maintained it was a healthful sign for the future of Huggins parish that the "boys" had suddenly developed an intense interest in tree culture. Hardly an evening, and never a Sunday afternoon, passed but one or more of them dropped in to ask his advice about pruning an apple tree or what kind of spray to use on the cherries and peaches.

I might mention here that Lumkins' was just across the road from the schoolhouse and that Miss Madeline Hicks, the new schoolteacher, was boarding there. It had been noticed that when she took her crochet work and came to sit with Mrs. Lumkins in the "front room" the young men followed with but indifferent interest Lumkins' long lectures on how to treat a tree.

On this particular Sunday afternoon Father Casey wanted to give a commission to William Barnstable, Brerton's hired man. He went to look for him, not at Brerton's, but at Lumkins'. And at Lumkins' he found him — not only him but a goodly company besides. It being Sunday, busy bustling, buxom Mrs. Lumkins was not working — but neither was she resting. That was something of which she was temperamentally incapable. She was

entertaining the guests, or should we say, aiding and abetting Miss Hicks in their entertainment.

To tell the truth Mrs. Lumkins did not share her husband's high hopes regarding the horticultural future of Huggins parish. But maybe that was because she was a natural born match-maker and was therefore always reading amorous motives into the visits of the young tree-growers. When the pastor entered she was sitting at a table in the center of the room with a pack of well-worn playing cards in her hands.

There was suppressed titter, the guests exchanged sidelong glances, and the situation was just beginning to be embarrassing, when Ruth Saunders came to the rescue by an open confession. "We are all," she announced, "having our fortunes told. Mrs. Lumkins does it with cards. And just think, Father Casey, I am shortly going to take a journey."

"You are doggone right you are shortly going to take a journey," her father corroborated, "a journey back to the store to get me that plug of tobacco you forgot. Don't pester yourself and Mrs. Lumkins about the future, but pay a little more attention to the present."

"And I am going to meet," irrepressible Ruth continued, "a gentleman with dark hair and lots of money, and I —"

"That'd more'n likely be the ole Jew comin' to collect the interest on your dad's mortgage," Barnstable suggested.

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"And all these marvelous revelations about the future are hidden away in that little pack of cards! What a calamity if such a treasure should ever be lost," the priest remarked sarcastically.

"Oh, no, Father Casey! Mrs. Lumkins has other ways of telling your fortune without the cards. After you have drunk tea, she can tell what is going to happen to you from the position of the tea leaves in the bottom of the cup."

"And read the lines in the palm of your hand," Miss Hicks added, "and interpret your dreams."

"She told me to put a piece of wedding cake under my pillow and I would see in a dream the man I am going to marry. I tried it with a piece of Rose's wedding cake —"

"Did you see anybody, Ruth? Who did you see, Ruth? Who did you see?" they all asked eagerly.

"Did I see anybody? I sure did. I dreamt I was at a public sale, and I saw every man in Blunt County."

"That maybe meant something else. I'll look it up. I have a dream book. It tells you how to learn the future from your dreams."

"I know all that rigamarole about cards and teacups and wedding cake is all bosh," Tom Saunders declared. "No more sense to it than the rhyme the little girls say on their buttons to see what kind of man they will get: 'Rich man, poor man, beggerman, thief,' and et cetera. But dreams. That's a hog with a different kind of snout. Even the Bible tells about learnin' the future from dreams, doesn't it, Father Casey?"

"The Bible," Father Casey replied, "says 'Dreams lift up fools . . . for dreams have deceived many, and they have failed that put their trust in

them.' (Eccus. XXXIV) Believing a dream book is rank superstition."

"But it says God spoke to St. Joseph in a dream — and to Jacob — and — and — and to King Pharo."

"If you are sure God speaks to you in a dream, listen. Otherwise wake up and forget it. Build your undertakings on something more solid than dreams."

"You say if we think they are from God we can believe them?"

"I say if you are *sure* they come from God. God does this so seldom that, unless you have convincing proof He spoke to you in a dream, you should consider it just the ordinary wandering of the imagination that accompanies sleep and disregard it. And be sure of one thing: if God speaks to you, He will not refer you to any silly dream book to find out what He means."

"How could we ever be sure that God spoke to us in a dream?"

"Ask the priest, and he will tell you. He has necessarily made a study of these things and knows the qualities a dream would have if it came from God."

"Couldn't it come from the devil?"

"Certainly; the devil, whenever God would permit it, could work on your imagination during sleep and thus produce dreams. Since the devil is absolutely and exclusively devoted to evil, the dreams he induces are always intended to harm your soul."

"How can dreams hurt your soul? You told us once in a sermon that nobody can commit serious sin while he is asleep — or even partly asleep."

"True; nobody can commit a mortal sin unless he is fully awake, knows that the thought, word, or act is a serious offense against the law of God, and nevertheless fully and freely con-

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sents to it. Therefore the devil cannot make you commit a sin while you are dreaming, but he can make the dream so vivid that you will be in danger of sinning after you awake. For instance, a weird, mysterious dream may so intrigue you that you will go consulting dream books and thus commit the sin of superstition, or a dream may so depress and discourage you that you will be tempted to despair of salvation and quit praying, or a dream may leave dangerous pictures in the imagination which could lead to sinful thoughts and desires. Therefore snap out of it, and quit mooning over your dreams."

"Father Casey, last night I dreamt I was being buried. I could feel the coffin going down, down, into the grave. I wonder what that was a sign of."

"A sign that you gorged yourself at supper. Remember dreams come almost always from natural causes. During sleep the imagination is no longer restrained and directed by reason, and so it goes on and on piling up the pictures with which it is stored, into all kinds of strange and fantastic combinations. If the stomach is overloaded or the digestion out of order the resultant bodily distress will often manifest itself in disturbing dreams or even nightmares. Therefore you will do better in 999 cases out of a thousand to forget your dreams and think of something sensible."

"But, Father Casey," urged Ruth, "dreams sometimes come true. Mama had a brother in Australia. One day she told us she saw him fall in the field. A month later she got a letter announcing he had died at that very time — or at least very near it."

"Perhaps," the priest replied, "it was his guardian angel whom, for

some extraordinary reason, God permitted to take the appearance of your uncle and show himself to your mother in her sleep. Or it may have been a mere coincidence. She had probably dreamt of that absent brother thousands of times, but since nothing noteworthy happened, she forgot the other dreams."

"Father Casey, there are many other ways of telling the future, many other signs that came true. I have watched them over and over," a romantic little lady assured him. "When the rooster crows at the front door, somebody is coming to see you. If you look over your left shoulder at the new moon and say 'New moon, new moon, I hail thee' and so forth, you will see the man you are going to marry in a dream that night. If you look at the very first star that comes out at night and say 'Star of light, star so bright' and so forth, you'll get what you want. If you make a wish while a star is falling, it will come true. If you drop something while you are setting the table, you are going to have company — if a knife, it will be a woman, if a fork, it will be a man —"

"One day," Ruth Saunders interrupted, "when I dropped the dishcloth, I asked mama what that was a sign of, and she said, 'a sign somebody is coming who is a bigger clout than you.'"

"One thing is sure," the priest commented. "If you believe in all those signs, nobody will ever come that is a bigger goose than you — 'cause there ain't no sich animal."

"When Isabella Colquitt had that terrible bad spell the other day, her dad got so frantic that he told Judy to take a dollar and go down to Hearsage's shanty and offer it to the old lady to tell whether the girl would ever get well."

"What did the old hag tell her?" several asked at once.

"She never got a chance to tell her anything. When Judy saw the hut it looked so spooky she got scared and ran home. Then too she knew it would be wrong to consult old lady Hearsage because she has sold her soul to the devil. It would be wrong, wouldn't it, Father Casey?"

"I'll tell you something that is wrong. It is wrong to calumniate that honest woman. She is poverty-stricken, unfortunate, ostracized by everybody, and soured on everybody in return, but she has no more to do with the devil than you or I. And I assure you she would neither have accepted Judy's dollar nor attempted to tell Isabella's future."

"Wouldn't it be wrong to ask her to tell your fortune?"

"It is wrong to ask anybody to tell your fortune, to try to pry into the future and discover coming events that depend upon the free will of God or the free will of man. The morbid hankering after such knowledge has been a disease of weak minds since the beginning of the human race. And these dupes have always found crooks to cater to them. Some of these crooks pretend to read the future from the lines in the palm of your hand: that is called *chiromantia*; some, in the stars: which is called *astrology*; some, in the fire: *pyromantia*; some in water: *hydromantia*; some from the flight of birds; some from the entrails of beasts; and by a thousand other superstitious means."

"Why is it wrong to try to find out future events that depend on the free will of God or the free will of man?"

"Because it is going against God's plan. These events are known only to God. He has not willed to reveal

them to us, neither has He given to any elements in nature the power of foretelling them. Therefore we should not go probing into the future. On the contrary, we should place ourselves and our future, with childlike confidence, under His fatherly care, and be content with the knowledge He vouchsafes to give us."

"But you said it is sinful superstition."

"That is quite evident when you seek to learn such future events from a gipsy fortuneteller or from a pack of cards or from a look at the new moon, you know very well that these things have no power of themselves to tell you; you know equally well that God would not make use of such unworthy instruments to tell you. You are not expecting this knowledge from God, you are not expecting it from natural causes, you must be expecting it from the devil. And deliberate dealing with the devil is high treason against God — it is rank superstition."

"But you said these events are known only to God. Therefore even the devil does not know them."

"No, but he can make a good guess. With his extraordinary keenness of intellect, with his perfect knowledge of the habits of every individual, with his thousands of years of study of actions and motives, he can make a mighty shrewd guess."

"Oh, Father Casey, I am sure we do not mean to ask the devil to tell us anything."

"You say you do not. Your actions belie your words. You use these signs to learn the future. You know the signs of themselves cannot tell you; you know God will not use them to tell you; therefore, no matter what you say, you must be expecting the devil to tell you."

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"Heavens! When Mrs. Lumkins was telling our fortunes just now, we were hobnobbing with the bad man!"

"Sure, Father Casey," the good woman assured him, "it was all in pure fun. Nobody put the slightest faith in the tall stories I was telling them."

"If these things are done in fun and nobody believes them, then they are perfectly innocent. The sin consists in

seeking and expecting to receive information through these means. But it is dangerous fun. In spite of all your pretending it is only fun, some weak-mind is liable to put some faith in the answers. Even now I see Ruth Saunders casting eager glances down the road for that dark-haired man with lots of money," said Father Casey.

Navy Weaklings

A Lieutenant-Commander recently wrote the following anecdote to *Contact*:

He was waiting for his ship at a certain pier when he heard a dozen or so young sailors, most of them Catholic, giving out with the most profane and vile language. He turned to an old Navy man and said to him:

"The Navy has done a rotten job on these kids."

The seasoned veteran answered: "They did not get that from the Navy. They brought it to the Navy. Regular Navy men don't swear one tenth as much as these boots do. The kids who are cursing, swearing and using obscenity as they are doing are not regulars, and most of them are not men. They are boy reserves trying to act up to what they think a Navy man should be. They are lacking in education, and since they do not know how to express themselves forcibly, or even technically, they 'sweat out' a vocabulary with obscenity. Some of your news-writers have told them how tough they are, and how they swear, and they believe it. Lastly, a 'kid' who is swearing or using profane language all the time is a 'phony' and is trying to cover up his own cowardice. I won't have him around me. A boy who must swear and curse to impress upon his companions his virility is weak—and we have no place for a weakling."

Remedy for "Nerves"

Dr. George W. Crane, psychologist at Northwestern University, has, in his widely quoted newspaper column, stated the one most perfect and yet most neglected remedy for "nerves" and neurotics that can be found in the world. The following clear statement makes amends for some of the foolish things Dr. Crane has been known to say in the past:

"God is the best medicine there is for general health and well being, but over half our population are trying to get along without God in their lives. Is it any wonder our people are becoming neurotic hypochondriacs, running around from one specialist or clinic to another?

"I don't wish to minimize for an instant the excellent services of modern medicine and surgery, but 85 per cent of all patients are said to get well in spite of what doctors do for them. Team up with God, especially if you have lost your earthly parents, and hence have no earthly caretaker to look after you. Become active in a church. Adopt a pair of youngsters and cultivate a positive, courageous outlook, for a change. Quit being a coward."



Tests of Character (29)

Unclean Minds

L. M. Merrill

More indications of the kind of character a person possesses are given through the medium of his use of speech than in any other way. Charity, sympathy, thoughtfulness, goodwill—all these appear prominently in a person's speech; hatred, rancour, unkindness, bad will—all these become just as evident when a person speaks. But of all the detestable marks of a weak and sordid character, none is more clearly revealed in speech than that of the filthy and unclean mind. Beware of the man or woman who has a filthy tongue; such a one, you may be sure, has uncleanness in the heart and mind as well.

There are various varieties of unclean speech, all manifesting the same unclean cast of mind. The characters that use them may be graded as follows:

1. *The out-and-out sex-obsessed degenerate*, who makes no pretense at having any interest in anything save sex. Every anecdote or joke he ever tells is sexy and dirty; his ordinary conversation is punctuated with filthy epithets and adjectives; in all his contacts with others, the slightest incident can be and usually is turned into an impure suggestion. Refined people usually detest such open obscenity, though sometimes they are not much better themselves, because they belong in the second class here described.

2. *The bar-room and parlor sex-story-teller*, who may be the height of fashion in dress, manners, grammatical speech, etc., but who has an exhaustive line of obscene stories stored up to be used in confidential moments with "understanding" friends. He would appear grossly insulted by anyone who accused him of having a filthy mind, because he takes a bath every day and is always spotlessly dressed; he doesn't realize that his frequent baths do not touch the dirt in his mind. The same is true of the woman who cannot abide a speck of dust in her home, but thinks nothing of smearing up the minds of her friends with salacious stories. These people are even more dangerous than the above, because the above at least make no pretenses.

3. *The "shocker" type*, who loves to make use of double-meaning expressions and filthy stories just to shock persons whom he thinks to be innocent and clean. Sometimes employers make use of this disgusting practice to "get a rise" out of employees; old men do it to younger, designing men to clean-minded women. Their vulgar laughter over another person's blushes is a true sign of corruption and depravity.

Anyone who belongs in one of the above classes may as well know that he is not worthy of a single decent friend. Weakness in this regard is not rendered less obnoxious by the common defense that "it's all in fun," or "no harm is meant," or "I'm not really impure." The truth is that there cannot be impure speech without an impure mind behind it, and very probably an impure body too.

Negroes and Communism

A glimpse into what is being done to win the American Negro into the un-American fold of Communism. And of what is not being done to save him.

D. J. Corrigan

THE following editorial is a reprint from the *Baltimore Afro*, a Negro newspaper. Dr. Mordecai Johnson is the president of Howard University, a colored school located near Washington, D. C.

Great Catholic Power Unused

Howard's president, Mordecai Johnson, courageously told the Jesuit community at West Baden Springs, Ind., last week about its faults.

With the Catholic Church's numbers and tremendous power, its fine organizations and examples of noble devotion, we have found it disappointing.

As far as the educated colored American is concerned, he said, "you fail to exist."

Catholic power is great. . . . With this potential force for good, Dr. Johnson pointed out that there were only 300,000 colored Catholics, no colored Priesthood to speak of, and not more than a handful of colored students in all Catholic colleges.

"That is not an accident. It's a policy," he declared.

What President Johnson says of the Catholic Church is true in large measure of the Protestant Church as well.

The most promising force for brotherhood and the correction of inequalities imposed upon colored people because of race, is not Christianity or the Christian Church.

The organizations that abolish the color line are the Congress of Industrial Organizations, the Political Action Committee and the *Communists*. (Italics mine)

Last Autumn this speech of Dr. Johnson to the Jesuits at West Baden was widely publicized, and there was little objection raised to his vigorous condemnation of the Church's lack of effort on behalf of the Negro. True, when we look at the activities of the

increasing number of devoted priests and religious, churches and schools, interracial councils and Catholic authors in the cause of the colored, it does seem to amount to quite a bit. Missionaries among the Negroes, however, are the first to admit that these efforts, encouraging though they be, are just a belated "drop in the bucket." The writer has had several well educated non-Catholic Negroes tell him: "The Catholic Church is the only organization that can save the Negro and solve his problems. And your Church is beginning to do just that without making much hullabaloo about it."

That is why I think that every zealous Catholic should be worried about the statement of the *Baltimore Afro* to the effect that "the only organizations that are helping the Negro are the CIO, the PAC and the Communists." It reflects a trend of conviction in the Negro newspapers — which, by the way, wield a powerful influence over the colored masses in this country — a trend that is dangerous both to the Negro and the Church.

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One often hears the statement: "The Communists are making a great play for the Negro." There is no doubt about the truth of that, for Communism always finds a fertile feeding ground in the discontent of the victims of society's sins. Right now the Communist Party and the Young Communist League have gone into hiding, the latter under the character-

istic pseudonym of "American Youth for Democracy." Any day now they can be expected to emerge in their true colors at the propitious moment — propitious for Moscow; in the meantime their activities have not abated.

Just what headway have the Communists been able to make among Negroes? I wish that it were possible to answer that question by reliable statistics. Lacking these, we can only hazard a safe guess that it is considerable, especially in the overcrowded districts of industrial cities. If anything is surprising about it, it is that there are not more Negro Communists, for Communist activity among them makes use of every trick in the books, from deceitful promises to occasional actual help: — all made fairly easy at times by the stupid prejudice of some otherwise good white people. Just to cite an example:

Negro Pastor Sees Communists in Action — and Joins Them

The Rev. Solomon Freeman, pastor of the Rockaway Beach, L.I., A.M.E. Church, has become one of the newest and proudest recruits to the Communist Party.

Religion, he says, isn't something hifalutin and out of a book. It's the way you live and what you do. He noticed that the thing in this community closest to his preachments came from the Communists and he felt friendly towards them.

But the thing was clinched for him a few months ago when Principal Harry Ritter at the local school spoke slightingly to a Negro student. Communists again came through with deeds. With their help, the fight was won. Board of Education authorities agreed to transfer the offending principal at the end of this semester.

In their plea to the Negroes Communists hold a trump card that is often discouraging to a priest laboring among the colored, especially when the latter beholds his spiritual

children sometimes meeting rebuffs at the hands of white Catholics. This is their claim, that in theory and in practice Communists have no race prejudice. That is why in most Communist meetings Negroes have a larger part than their membership warrants on the speakers' platform; why likewise Negroes are given many responsible, publicized positions in the Communist organization. Over a period of years now the writer has observed a young Communist group, white and colored, attempting to attract our youthful Negro Catholics to interracial parties, dances and discussions. One afternoon a colored high school student brought me an English version of the Soviet Constitution, printed in Russia to be dispersed throughout the United States: he told me that waiting to get copies was a line of Negroes "a block long." Communist literature these Negro Catholic students could have by the bale, if they desired to take it.

For the enlightenment and perhaps amazement of Catholics I submit a section of one of these pamphlets: the Preamble to the Constitution of the Young Communist League. For clever yet unmitigated falsehood, deceit and hypocrisy, it would be hard to surpass:

Preamble

The Young Communist League of the United States of America is an organization of young people dedicated to character-building and education in the spirit of socialism. It cherishes the ideals of Americanism embodied in the democratic traditions of our nation and its great patriots, such as Thomas Jefferson, Thomas Paine, Andrew Jackson, Frederick Douglass and Abraham Lincoln. It derives inspiration from those great teachers and guides of all mankind: Karl Marx, Frederick Engels, V. I. Lenin, and Joseph Stalin.

Its aims are to:

Educate youth for citizenship in our democracy, urging active participation in

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the labor and progressive movement;

Build a fraternal fellowship with the youth of all lands who fight for peace and freedom against fascism, oppression and tyranny;

Assure security and happiness for youth, safeguarding the American home and family through opportunity for work, education and recreation for all youth in the city and on the farm;

Defend civil liberties, religious freedom and equal rights for all peoples, condemning all concepts of race or national superiority;

Oppose all subversive efforts which attack, undermine or destroy American Democracy from within or without;

Enrich the lives of young people by the study and knowledge of mankind's heritage in the arts and sciences;

Promote clean living and develop healthy minds in healthy bodies.

Extending its hand in fellowship and co-operation with the young people of our country and their organizations, the Young Communist League dedicates itself to the unity of the young generation of labor, and of the people which alone can achieve these aims; confident that through the defense and extension of democracy today the American people will realize tomorrow its historic dream—a land of free and equal people, of peace and plenty—a *land of socialism*. (italics mine)

Catholics and others fully informed on the nature and true intent of Communism readily can perceive the deception throughout this Preamble: for they know that the Communist system, with its class dictatorship and materialist concept of life, would destroy all democracy and work the opposite of most of these beautiful "aims." But what of the millions who are uninformed and who will be inclined to take at its face value the splendid though deceitful purposes manifested in this Communist document? What of the millions of Negroes, most of whom have not been taught the falsities of Godless Communism and who perhaps have been

often hurt to the depths of their souls by the inequalities and injustices of our present social and economic system? What of the colored father of a family, who, as likely as not has been several times refused a job that could have supported his little ones, because he happened to be black? The Negro mother, who must continue to house her growing flock in a sordid two-room tenement in a still more sordid neighborhood, because the colored are restricted? The Negro boy or girl, who has worked and studied through the years to gain an education, only to find that there is little or no opening in the business or professional world, because of an accident of birth? Who could blame them, if in the simplicity of their souls and the bitter frustration of their hopes they would join and support the Communists, who promise them everything, including the abolition of the bane of their lives: prejudice?

As a further example of the propaganda that Communists offer Negro youth, here are excerpts from a pamphlet entitled "Fight for Your Future Now," by Max Weiss. It was distributed some time after Germany attacked Russia, forcing the Communists here to abandon their hitherto pacifist policy and to go all out for war. It is mainly an appeal for membership in the Young Communist League.

"Like Sam Funderbuck. He was 18 when he joined the Young Communist League, in February, 1942. He had come up from the South, son of a Negro sharecropper. When our country called on men to join the merchant marine to 'keep them sailing', Sam signed up. A torpedo missed his ship by a few feet on his first trip. Three weeks later he shipped out again. This time a torpedo

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struck home. Sam went down with his crew, heroes all, who died in action against the fascist barbarians."

"You know who these home front battlers are. They're people like Sue, who works in a war plant turning out gun parts. Sue is the proud wearer of an "E" pin, awarded to the workers of her plant for outstanding work. At night she attends training school classes in order to become a more skilled worker. *She is a member of the Young Communist League, giving all she's got for her country.*"

"In the interest of winning the war now we need policies that will lead to maximum production in industry. Who can doubt that the achievement of such maximum production for war will also reveal the possibilities for maximum production and jobs in peace after war? In the interests of winning the war, we need the full integration of Negro youth into all phases of our national life. Who can doubt but that this will help set the pattern for our future lives as well?"

"Motivated by the same desire to strengthen our armed forces, the Young Communists support all proposals that have been made to eliminate discrimination against Negro youth in the armed forces. Our courageous Dorie Millers must not be jim-crowed or segregated. We cannot and must not permit Hitler's theories of race supremacy to divide our youth and deprive our country of the full services of Negro youth whose qualities are so ably dramatized by such popular figures as Joe Louis and Dorie Miller. Volunteer mixed units of Negro and white service men in the armed services would be a first step toward the breakdown of segregation. We young Communists stand up to be counted for this proposal and give it our full support."

"It means breaking down all barriers in ensuring the necessary manpower for industry in the way of employing and training Negro workers and girls."

At the risk of growing tedious I quote this last passage in full:

"Only a few weeks ago, the youth of our country were hosts to a delegation of three young heroes who had come here representing the magnificent youth of the Soviet Union. In their own persons

these three young heroes—Lt. Pavlichenko, Lt. Pchelintsov, Nikolai Krasavchenko—typified the indomitable spirit and the epic bravery and courage with which the Soviet youth are fighting the Nazi hordes.

"There is nothing in all the history of mankind which compares with the glory which the Soviet youth have earned for themselves in the eyes of the youth of America as well as of the world. By their deeds of valor, the Soviet youth have torn from the eyes of millions of American youth the tissue of lies and slander broadcast by the defeatists about our great ally, the Soviet Union.

"American youth now sees our Soviet brothers and sisters as the youth of a great power which is the natural ally of our country, from whom we have been kept apart in the past only by a propaganda campaign of treachery and Hitler-inspired lies. . . . In the fires of war the youth of America are forging the bonds of friendship with the youth of the Soviet Union. That friendship between the youth of our country and the youth of the Soviet Union is one of the most precious and powerful weapons we have to smash fascism. *It must be cultivated in every possible way.*" (Italics mine)

Such is a good example of the Communist appeal to the Negro. Though deceitful and treacherous, still it is very powerful, especially to a colored person who has found himself frustrated socially, economically, religiously. That not only the poor and uneducated may heed the claims of the Communists is exemplified by the case of Paul Robeson, the noted singer. Like other Negroes who found, after achieving success and fame, that this did not exempt them from the persecution of racial prejudice, he went abroad to live for several years, declaring that "only away from the United States could he breathe free air." Later he sent his little son to Moscow to be educated in Soviet schools, because "the boy would be accepted as an equal there." It is only

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humanly natural that Negroes, who from childhood have found their color the cause of hurt and poverty and discouragement, should grasp at anything that promises to free them from their cross—even though it should bring far greater evils in its train.

Yet I am convinced that if ever substantial numbers of Negroes become Communists, it will not be because anything in Communism positively attracts them: but it will be because white people refuse to grant them the rights and privileges that

belong to them as human beings. If all Catholics would put aside un-Catholic prejudice—which, by the way, had its origin mainly in a Protestant south—and would welcome Negroes into the Church in a Catholic way, would help them economically and socially in a Catholic way, there would be little danger of most Negroes going Communist. If, however, Catholics make it hard for them to be Catholics, to whom shall they go?

Condolence

Here is a beautiful example of the kind of letter a Catholic chaplain can write to Catholic parents when a Catholic boy becomes a casualty in war. This actual letter to a bereaved mother is but one of the thousands like it.

U.S.S. YORKTOWN

Chaplain's Office
July 17, 1944

Dear Mrs. —:

As the Catholic priest of the Yorktown, it is my special privilege to supplement that terse Navy dispatch which told you your son was killed. It is really a privilege, for I can say much for your comfort.

Paul introduced himself as soon as he came aboard. Since then he has been steadily at daily Mass on the forecandle and at Holy Communion. Just before his last fight, I gave General Absolution to make completely sure that my boys were ready for whatever the Lord had planned for them.

I sincerely hope you will let that truth seep through your sorrow. This was no "bad luck"; it was planned by no less than the infinite wisdom of God; wisely then, and lovingly planned for Paul's eternal happiness and yours. Surely only God's love is strong enough to hurt us so deeply for our ultimate happiness.

The night before his last flight, I had coffee with Paul in the Ward-room while we swapped memories of the Holy Rosary neighborhood, and scoundarilly of course, St. Paul. We continued the discussion for a couple of hours up in his room with a group of his pals.

Throughout the evening, I kept thinking: How young he looks; what a boy's laugh he has. Tonight I think that observation was very close to the truth; he was young, with the youthfulness of a child. That is the way God wantd to come home—young, laughing, eager. That is the way he will meet you, half abashed at your pride in his goodness and courage, delighted that you are grateful he is your very own.

His shipmates here on the Yorktown send you profound sympathy, and all the help their masses and Communion can give. I assure you he shall be remembered in every Mass I say on the ship. May God comfort you.

Sincerely in Christ,
Catholic Chaplain,
U.S.S. Yorktown



For Wives and Husbands Only

D. F. Miller

Problem: How long should teen-agers be permitted to stay out at night? Are parents justified in setting a time—say 12 o'clock—at which they must be home? Would it not be a serious sin of disobedience if, contrary to an express order, they stayed out an hour or two beyond the time they should be at home? These are questions we've been discussing among ourselves without much light being shed on them.

Solution: They are all good questions, and important ones. They signify the fact that somebody is thinking about these problems, which, in this era of excessive freedom for young people and positive neglect on the part of many parents, gives rise to hope for the future.

How long should teen-agers be permitted to stay out at night? Parents certainly have the right to set a deadline in this regard, and together with the right, something of an obligation. In exercising the right and fulfilling the obligation, they must use prudence and wisdom. For example, early teen-agers, i.e., from 13 to 16, should be dealt with firmly and inflexibly in this regard. A time should be set and insisted on from the beginning of their going out evenings for entertainment. There should be no shilly-shallying or vagueness or indecision on the part of the parents; if fidelity is insisted on from the beginning, few difficulties will arise. It is parents who follow no set principles or norms from the beginning who meet with rebellion when they try to enforce a rule. With older teen-agers, i.e. 16-20, parents can become a bit more flexible. For example, when they are attending a party or social affair that is well-chaperoned, they can be given a little leeway about the time for leaving the party, with strict orders, however, that they must come straight home when they do leave.

There is an old-fashioned habit still practiced by some parents that can be recommended to all, despite the fact that it is often considered unnecessary and foolish by their own children. It is that of staying up at home and waiting for their children's return. Yes, there are plenty of objections available to it, such as the loss of sleep involved, etc., but all the objections are outweighed by its psychological and real value. Too few parents realize how often their children are led into their first sins by reason of the double fact that nobody cares what they are doing when they come home from a party and that a quiet house with everybody in bed and sleeping makes a wonderful rendezvous for violent temptation. Many a young person gets home from a date at 12, according to orders, and then right at home succumbs to serious sin.

If parents have seriously insisted on a deadline to be made by their teen-agers in returning home from dates and parties, certainly the latter would be guilty of a grave sin of disobedience if they were to disregard it. The great dangers involved make this a matter on which parents can bind seriously in obedience. We repeat, however, that prudence must be exercised; not the excessive and inconsiderate severity that would do more harm than good.

Senate of the Church

The word "Cardinal" is familiar to every Catholic, as representing a high dignitary of the Church. Too few know anything more than that about its origin, history and present meaning.

J. Schaefer

INFALLIBILITY is not only a daring word, it is a daring doctrine. But much of the seeming audacity of the doctrine would appear to be but the wisdom of God, and much of misunderstanding and argumentation would be avoided, if our non-Catholic neighbors were to understand exactly what we mean by the doctrine of the 'Infallibility of the Pope.' We do not mean that the Pope can never commit a sin, nor that the Pope can never make an error in judgment, nor that he is exempt from error even in explaining the doctrines of our faith. By infallibility we mean that, on those rare occasions when the Pope solemnly defines a doctrine regarding faith or morals which must be believed by all Catholics, Almighty God miraculously preserves him from falling into error.

The Holy Father enjoys a twofold teaching authority over the Church, one of which is called his "extraordinary" authority by which he solemnly defines matters of faith and morals for the whole Church, the other, his "ordinary" authority which he constantly exercises in teaching and explaining Catholic doctrine. In this latter capacity the Pope is liable to error. And even in the use of his infallible teaching prerogative he is not freed from the obligation of using human prudence, of first consulting learned theologians as well as other official teachers of the Church. The external government of the Church,

too, involves so many minute and difficult problems that it would be impossible for the Pope to govern properly without help and advice.

From the very first centuries of the Church's history, therefore, the Popes at times have summoned groups of Bishops, priests and other learned theologians to discuss with him problems involved in the doctrines and government of the Church. At first the number and individuals of these groups varied according to the circumstances of the Church at the time and the nature of the problems facing the Holy Father. But as the Church continued to grow and spread from nation to nation there arose a need for a permanent body of papal advisers. In this manner did the College of Cardinals of the Roman Catholic Church come into existence. For centuries the Cardinals have been the official advisers of the Holy Father and for this reason are frequently referred to as the "Senate" of the Catholic Church.

History:

The use of the word 'Cardinal' is so ancient in the Church that scholars dispute as to the exact meaning and application given it in the early Church. The word is derived from a Latin word, 'cardo', meaning 'a hinge'. In early ecclesiastical language every cathedral church was referred to as a 'cardo' or 'hinge' because it was the residence of the Bishop upon

whom the whole diocese depended. Hence it was that frequently every priest definitely assigned to a diocese was called a 'cardinal'. But the designation was given primarily to those clerics who were attached to the cathedral church itself and who, as a body, composed what is known today as the 'cathedral chapter'. The word, 'cardinal', therefore, at a very early time took on the meaning of 'principal' or 'more eminent' priest, because it was the duty of the clerics assigned to the cathedral church to assist the Bishop in episcopal services and in the administration of the diocese.

Although many such clerics bore the title 'cardinal' it was the formation of the Church at Rome and its surrounding districts which was the model for the present College of Cardinals of the Holy Roman Church. Only in the year 1567, however, did Pope Pius V forbid the use of the title to all save the Cardinals of the Roman Church. The Sacred College today is divided into three classes, Cardinal Bishops, Cardinal Priests, and Cardinal Deacons. And the exemplar of each class can be found in the organization of the early Church at Rome.

1. *Cardinal Priests*: As early as the 5th century, Pope St. Simplicius divided the city of Rome into four ecclesiastical districts. The number of the faithful had so grown that the Pope himself could no longer care for the spiritual needs of his diocese. Pope Simplicius, therefore, set aside 28 churches of Rome, seven in each of the four districts, the principal or 'titular' churches of each district being the patriarchal basilicas, St. Peter, St. Paul, St. Lawrence and St. Mary Major. At these churches the

Divine Services were performed and especially the Sacraments of Baptism and Penance were administered to the faithful of Rome. To each of the 28 churches a 'cardinal' was assigned. Each of the 'cardinals', in turn, performed the Divine Services at their 'titular' church. In addition, the cardinal-priests held frequent meetings, their principal duties being that of supervising ecclesiastical life in Rome and of acting as ecclesiastical judges. The eldest of the cardinal-priests was known as the Archpriest, his authority being next to that of the Pope in spiritual matters in the diocese of Rome. (As a general rule, today, Cardinal Priests are Bishops before their appointment to the Sacred College.)

2. *Cardinal Deacons*: In imitation of the Apostles, who shortly after Pentecost ordained seven deacons to care for the temporal needs of the poor of the Apostolic Church, Pope St. Evaristus, in the 1st century, assigned seven deacons to collect the Acts of the martyrs. But it was under Pope St. Fabian (236-250) that the deacons were assigned their distinctive office. He divided Rome into seven districts and over each district placed a deacon who was in charge of the distribution of charity to the poor and needy of his district. The deaconries were situated in the poorer and more populous sections of Rome and had attached to them an oratory in which the deacon would instruct catechumens. At a very early date the title of 'cardinal' was granted to these seven deacons. Later circumstances relieved the deacons of the duty of distributing charity, the division of Rome into the seven districts disappeared, and the number of cardinal-deacons was increased to as

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many as 18, but the cardinal-deacons still retained their duties as official aides to the Pope in the temporal affairs of the Church. Frequently, their senior, the Archdeacon, became the successor of the reigning Pope in the chair of Peter. Oftentimes today the Cardinal Deacons are only priests at the time of their elevation to the Cardinalate.

3. *Cardinal Bishops:* In the early centuries of the Church dioceses were erected in seven small towns in the immediate vicinity of Rome. They are known as the Suburban Sees. Throughout the history of the Church the number of the Suburban Sees has remained quite consistently at seven, though their location has frequently changed. (In 1914 Pope Pius X determined that the diocese of Ostia was to be united in the future with the diocese which the Cardinal Dean possessed before he became Dean of the Sacred College.) As the duties of the Popes became more and more exacting and voluminous with the growth of the Church, they began to call more and more frequently upon these suburban Bishops for assistance at ecclesiastical functions and for counsel in the affairs of the Church. It was only in the 8th century, however, that the suburban Bishops received the title 'cardinal.' Although they received the title last of all, the Cardinal Bishops rank above the Cardinal Priests and Deacons in dignity. One of their number, the Bishop of Ostia, has the privilege of consecrating a newly-elected Pope, should the latter not already be a Bishop. Because of their more intimate relationship with the Holy Father the Cardinal Bishops were oftentimes termed Cardinals of St. John Lateran (the Papal Basilica),

just as the Cardinal Priests were called Cardinals of the respective patriarchal churches to which they were assigned (St. Peter, St. Paul, St. Lawrence and St. Mary Major).

The division of Cardinals into the three classes of Bishops, Priests and Deacons was thus established as early as the 8th century. It only remained for Popes of later centuries to unite them into a separate body with distinct and definite privileges and duties, as well as to determine the number of Cardinals of the Roman Church. In the year 1586 Pope Sixtus V, in imitation of Moses who was commanded by God to choose 70 men to aid him in ruling the Jewish people, established the number of Cardinals at 70. Although there have seldom been as many as 70 Cardinals living at any one time, that number has never been changed. The numbers set for each class by Pope Sixtus are: 6 Cardinal Bishops, 50 Cardinal Priests, and 14 Cardinal Deacons.

Conditions resulting from the war have influenced Pope Pius XII in refraining from the appointment of further Cardinals. The recent death, on March 29, 1945, of Cardinal Seregi, Primate of Hungary, reduced their number to 40 — 5 Cardinal Bishops, 30 Cardinal Priests, and 5 Cardinal Deacons — leaving 30 vacancies to be filled. The eldest of the Cardinals, and Dean of the Sacred College, is Cardinal Belmonte, Bishop of Ostia and Albano. The Italian Cardinals number 24, while the sixteen remaining Cardinals represent 12 other nationalities in the Sacred College. Cardinal Dougherty, Archbishop of Philadelphia, is the only American representative. He was created Cardinal on March 7, 1921, by His Holiness, Benedict XV.

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Creation of Cardinals:

The creation of Cardinals of the Holy Roman Church is a right reserved to the Sovereign Pontiff alone. And even he is bound to restrict his choice to clerics who are endowed with exceptional learning, piety and prudence. Although other restrictions to the creation of Cardinals have been laid down, such as that forbidding the elevation of one closely related to a living Cardinal, the Pope is free to dispense from these restrictions.

Tradition has established a rather ornate and very significative series of ceremonies which the Popes follow in the creation of Cardinals. In a secret Consistory, at which are present only the Holy Father and the Cardinals, the Pope proclaims the appointment of the new Cardinals. Soon after this Consistory the newly-elected Cardinals are notified by the Cardinal Secretary of State of their elevation. In this letter, also, a date is set for the appearance of the newly chosen Cardinals in Rome. If circumstances should prevent one or the other from appearing at the time set, he must take an oath to come to Rome within a year. In such an event the red skull-cap (zucchetto) and red biretta are sent to the new Cardinal, the latter to be placed on his head by a Bishop or civil-ruler delegated to carry out this ceremony.

Upon their arrival in Rome, the new Cardinals are granted an audience with the Holy Father during which he places the red biretta upon their heads. At the next public Consistory, at which are present the Sovereign Pontiff, the Cardinals and members of the Papal Diplomatic Corps, the Holy Father places the "Red Hat" on the head of the new Cardinals. (The

"Red Hat," so-called because of its color, is identical in shape with the 'Roman' hat, commonly worn by clerics in Rome. It is a large circular hat, with a wide brim and a small bowl-shaped crown, about one-third the height of a derby.) While imposing the Red Hat the Holy Father recites the following prayer:

"For the praise of Almighty God and the honor of the Holy Apostolic See receive the red hat, the emblem of the matchless dignity of the cardinalate whereby is signified that you should show yourself intrepid, even to death and the shedding of blood for the exaltation of Holy Faith, for the peace and tranquillity of Christian people, for the growth and prosperity of the Holy Roman Church, in the name of the Father, and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

Soon after this public Consistory the Holy Father holds another secret Consistory at which two very symbolic ceremonies are performed. They are called the "closing" and "opening of the mouth" of the new Cardinals. The former symbolizes the obligation of the Cardinals to observe secrecy regarding the affairs of their office; the latter, the duty of giving wise counsel to the Pope. At the ceremony of the "opening of the mouth," the Pope says:

"We open your mouth (i.e. empower you to speak) as well in conferences as in counsel, and in the election of the Supreme Pontiff and in all acts, either in or outside the Consistory, which belong to Cardinals and which they are accustomed to perform. In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

At the close of this Consistory the Pope places a sapphire ring on the finger of each new dignitary and assigns to each a 'titular' church in Rome. (While the ordinary functions and duties of these Churches are fulfilled by other priests, the Cardinals

might be called their nominal pastors. They have the right to conduct pontifical services in their 'titular' churches.) Shortly afterwards the Secretary of State notifies each Cardinal of his appointment to one or the other of the Congregations of the Roman Curia.

At times the Popes have resorted to a method of creating Cardinals known as reservation "in petto," that is, their names are kept secret, reserved "in the bosom" of the Holy Father. Should the reigning Pontiff die before the publication of their names in a Consistory their appointment is null and void nor would the succeeding Pontiff be obliged to admit them to the Sacred College. The reasons for the reservation "in petto" are of a prudential nature—for instance, a nuncio, engaged in important papal negotiations, if proclaimed a Cardinal in a Consistory, would be obliged to give up his former office, but if merely reserved "in petto," would be enabled to complete his mission.

Privileges and Duties:

According to the Code of Canon Law and as befits their dignity as the highest prelates in the Church next to the Holy Father, the Cardinals of the Holy Roman Church fill the office of principle advisers of the Holy Father and are endowed with a number of remarkable privileges. They fulfill their duties as advisers to the Pope principally in acting as heads or members of the different Roman Congregations and Commissions, as well as in the various Consistories held by the Sovereign Pontiff. The Sacred College is presided over by the

Dean, the eldest of the Cardinal Bishops; but his office is one of honor rather than of authority. All of the Cardinals are obliged to reside at Rome. Exempted from this obligation, however, are those Cardinals who are Bishops of dioceses not in the immediate vicinity of Rome.

Among the privileges granted the Cardinals by the Code of Canon Law are those of hearing confessions at any place in the world and of absolving from all sins and censures save those reserved in a very special manner to the Holy Father. They may bless rosaries and other articles of devotion, attaching to them all the indulgences usually granted by the Holy See and may themselves grant an indulgence of 300 days. They may celebrate Holy Mass at sea, and may also celebrate the solemn pontifical Mass in any cathedral Church outside the city of Rome. Among the articles of apparel and insignia of office the Cardinal is entitled to make use of are the mitre, the crozier and pectoral cross. Many other articles of ecclesiastical attire, both of a red color or black trimmed with red, comprise the Cardinal's wardrobe.

But chief among the privileges enjoyed by each Cardinal is that of participating in the election of the Sovereign Pontiff. This right belongs exclusively to the members of the Sacred College, and whether he be a Cardinal Bishop, Cardinal Priest or Cardinal Deacon, each enjoys an equal voice and vote in the Papal election. This privilege has been theirs since the publication of a decree to that effect by Pope Alexander III at the 3rd Lateran Council in 1179.





Thoughts for the Shut-in

L. F. Hyland

Sickness and Patriotism

The shut-in who lives in America has more reason for patriotism than almost any other citizen. This is the day when the glories of the American way of living have been revealed as they never were before. They have been seen in contrast with the principles and practices of other nations, which, having sold themselves to conscienceless dictators, have paid a horrible price in personal liberty, rights, honor and peace.

Not the least of the sufferers in other nations have been the old, the sick, the crippled, in short, all shut-ins. It is well authenticated that the old and helpless have been put to death, because the little bread they might eat would be considered wasted if it went to keep alive a "non-productive," non-fighting member of the community. The sick were allowed to languish and die without relief or remedies, if there seemed to be no chance of making them strong enough to carry a gun again, or to operate a munitions-making machine. Starvation and ill-treatment were deliberately used to produce shut-ins of every description, in political prison camps and in the barracks of foreign slave-laborers. The whole world is trying to find out how human nature could ever reach the point where it seemed to rejoice so insanely in the midst of the sufferings it created.

None of this cruelty and mercilessness has tainted America. The old and feeble are safe from even the vaguest suspicion that they may not be wanted and may be secretly done away with. The sick can call a physician or go to a hospital knowing that whatever science has discovered for the relief of pain and the cure of illness will be placed at their disposal. And to the scandal of hate-mongers and super-nationalists of the foreign type, even prisoners taken from the degenerate nations are treated like human beings and cared for in their own sufferings.

If you are a shut-in in America, consider this contrast and be grateful. In America, you are important as a human being; and so long as God leaves the spark of life within you, you will be honored and cared for and loved.

Shall a Social Order Be Planned?

In succinct form, here are the issues involved in working for a planned or unplanned social and economic order. Consider them whenever you hear arguments against plans.

J. Higgins

1. "Now, this is the primary duty of the state and of all good citizens, to abolish conflict between the classes with divergent interests, and thus foster and promote harmony between the various ranks of society." (*Pius XI, Forty Years After*)

2. What is it that is likely to give rise to the greatest instability in American society in the postwar years? It is the unequal distribution of wealth. It is the fact that "one third of the nation is ill fed, ill housed and ill clothed." (*Late President F. D. Roosevelt*) It is needless suffering imposed by human callousness and stupidity, which will arouse revolt.

3. How can this danger to the "harmony between various ranks of society" be avoided? How can a fair and adequate distribution of wealth and income be achieved? Only by concerted effort on the part of labor, capital, management, agriculture, and government. In other words, by planning. There are two alternatives:

a) Economic liberalism (or Manchester doctrine, *Laissez faire*). According to this view, government must keep hands off business unless called in as a policeman to keep order. *Self-interest* is the only law that shall guide man in his economic activities. All restraints on the exercise of self-interest ought to be taken away. In pursuing his own interest, the individual "is in this, as in many other instances, led by an invisible hand to promote an end which was no part of his original intention." (*Adam Smith, Wealth of Nations II, 33.*)

Criticism: Providence, "the invisible hand," also made man a rational creature. A reasoning creature must choose means likely to achieve the end he has in view. When it becomes evident the means are inadequate, he must search for other means. It has become evident that enlightened self-interest does not achieve the common good. Even those in whose favor this doctrine of economic liberalism was first formulated, the industrialists, have in our country always agitated for economic planning. For what is the Protective Tariff but an invocation of state aid to promote the common good by promoting and protecting American industry? Herbert Hoover, who stands in most people's minds at the extreme right, has this to say. "Nor do I wish to be misinterpreted as believing that the United States is free-for-all and devil-take-the-hindmost. American Individualism is no system of *laissez faire*." (*Speech, Oct. 22, 1928, New York*) The economic liberal, then, is an extinct species. He has gone down to the grave, unwept, unhonored, and unsung. Even the heirs (who still cherish the liberal name) have repudiated him.

Moreover, God deals with man socially, collectively. We are saved, economically as well as spiritually, by the co-operation of others. We are all under the law of justice and charity toward our fellow men. To focus attention on ourselves, as the law of enlightened self-interest would seem to demand, leaving our neighbor to Providence alone, this is to deny, it

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seems to me, the Christian law of concern and charity toward our neighbor. The only environment to which economic liberalism could be native and normal is the jungle. "It follows from the twofold character of ownership (individual and social), that men must take into account in this matter not only their own advantage but the common good. To define in detail these duties, when the need occurs and when the natural law does not do so, is the function of government." (*Forty Years After*)

b) There is a second alternative to an economic structure reared by the free co-operation of labor, capital, management, agriculture, and government. *It is an economy directed solely by the state*, a kind of state capitalism. We have seen it in operation in Russia, Germany, and Italy. It does offer a solution to the social question. But the remedy it proposes is worse than the disease it would cure. State capitalism offers security. But the price — political liberty, basic rights — is too high. No matter how modern the plumbing, Russia is still a prison.

4. Role of the State.

a) Provided that the natural and divine law be observed, the public authority, in view of the common good, may specify more accurately what is licit and illicit for property owners in the use of their property. (*Forty Years After*)

b) It is plain, however, that the State may not discharge this duty in an arbitrary manner. Man's natural right of possessing and transmitting property by inheritance must remain intact, and cannot be taken by the State from man. For man precedes the State, and the domestic household is antecedent, as well in idea as in fact, to the gathering of men into com-

munity. (*Leo XIII, Rerum Novarum*)

c) Law of subsidiary organization. It is wrong to withdraw from the individual and commit to the community at large what private industry and enterprise can accomplish. It is an injustice, a grave evil, and a disturbance of right order for a larger and higher organization to arrogate to itself functions which can be performed efficiently by smaller and lower bodies. (*Forty Years After*)

5. *Noblesse oblige*. We have no hereditary nobility, born to power, and obliged to concern itself with the common good. Our nobility are the elected officers of the government, the managers of capital and industry, the heads of unions and farm organizations. Together with the mantle of nobility there descends upon their shoulders the solemn duty of promoting the common good. It is not rhetoric to say, furthermore, that in a democracy each citizen is exalted to the policy making level. The democratic form of government presumes a moral maturity of the citizen. (*Pius XII, Christmas message, 1945*) This moral maturity demands that the citizen in casting his ballot consult not simply his own advantage but the common good.

6. If there is a serious lack of co-operation among labor, capital and management, or if there is a continuance of the policy of looking to the Government first to settle their differences, there will be a greater and greater degree of government interference in business. "If they continue to look to the government to solve their problems for them, then I shall tell them what is going to happen to them within the next few years. Government will take them over." (*Senator W. L. Morse of Oregon*)

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7. The Idea of collaboration between classes must cease to be confined to the realm of labor problems. It will have to be extended to the wider domain of universal social economy. (Don Luigi Sturzo)

8. Let us beware of being flattered by the praise of stout bankers at banquets. "The Catholic Church is the bulwark against Communism." We are, of course, about the only constant and consistent opponents of atheistic Communism. We are opposed to Communism not solely because it sets up social controls over the economic life of the nation. We are opposed to Communism not solely because it takes away the right of private property. We are opposed because "Communism strips man of his liberty, robs human personality of its dignity, and removes all the moral restraints that check eruptions of blind impulse. There is no recognition of any right of the individual in his relations to the collectivity; no natural right is accorded to the human personality, which is a mere cog-wheel in the Communist system." "In such a doctrine there is no room for God; there is no difference between matter and spirit, between soul and

body, there is neither survival of the soul after death nor any hope in future life." "Refusing to human life any sacred or spiritual character, such a doctrine logically makes of marriage and the family a purely artificial and civil institution, the outcome of a specific economic system. There exists no matrimonial bond . . . that is not subject to the whim of the individual or of the collectivity." "It ignores the true origin and purpose of the state." (*Pius XI, On Atheistic Communism*)

We must not allow ourselves to become identified, in the minds of the thinking or unthinking, with a discredited economic liberalism. There is no point to our exorcising Communism if the end result of our efforts is to make it easier for another devil — economic liberalism — to take possession of the body politic. A plague on both their houses. Our time and talent should be devoted to explaining the Pope's middle way. We have a book of social thought that insists upon the common good being served, while at the same time reserving to the individual his dignity, his rights and his freedom.

Prohibition Problem

Carl Sandburg, in *The Prairie Years*, tells of a wave of prohibition sentiment that swept the country in the 1850's, which by 1855 had led 13 states to go dry. He illustrates the problems created, by an anecdote of a certain Baptist Church in Illinois. The trustees of the Church suspended from membership the local schoolmaster for joining the new temperance reform movement. Shortly afterward, they suspended another church member for getting dead drunk. Shortly thereafter a puzzled member of the congregation stood up in church one day and took a half-full whisky bottle from his pocket, shaking it up and down as he drawled:

"Brethering, you have turned one member out because he would not drink, and another because he got drunk, and now I want to ask a question: How much of this 'ere critter does a man have to drink to remain in full membership in this church?"



Three Minute Instruction

On Meekness

Meekness is a virtue that is sorely needed by the world today. It is the only real antidote to war. It is absolutely necessary for fraternal charity. It is so important that Christ made it the first virtue we should try to imitate in Him: "Learn of Me, because I am *meek* and humble of heart." The following is a definition and description of meekness:

1. Meekness is the virtue that enables one to overcome anger, hatred, desire for revenge; that keeps one from being upset and irritable in the presence of the faults and weaknesses of others; that establishes an unshakable tranquillity and peace in the soul. Its essential feature is that of overcoming anger and hatred. The meek person has learned to be silent in anger and to realize quickly how foolish and sinful it could be to speak or act on the impulse of anger. No matter how seriously he may be wronged by another, the meek person has at ready command all the natural and supernatural motives for forgiving and praying for the person who has wronged him.

2. The virtue of meekness keeps one from being upset and irritable in the presence of the sins and weaknesses of others. There are some people, grossly lacking in meekness, who are constantly wrought up and emotionally agitated over the presence of evil in the world. They fume and rage over the cruelties of Hitler, the mistakes of politicians, the ignorance of their friends, and the morals of society. Meekness makes one realize that before God he is responsible only for himself and those dependent on him; it leaves the sins of others to the just and merciful judgment of God.

3. Meekness results in great tranquillity of soul. Wherever there is anxiety, tenseness, sensitiveness, peevishness, intolerance, it is safe to say there is a lack of meekness. The meek are disturbed neither by the slights and injuries they themselves receive nor by the objective presence of wickedness in the world. They know their job—to try to be perfect and help others to be perfect; for the rest, they hold themselves in peace and leave judgment to God.

Meekness is obviously one of the key virtues to lasting peace. Alas, however, it is a Christian virtue, and only in Christ can it be learned and practiced. That is why a reign of terror or violence in the world is almost always announced by a renunciation of both Christ and meekness.

Magnifying Your Memory

It is a rather tragic truth that the human memory is a faculty that is being grossly neglected today, even in many educational plans. Here is a chance for those interested to make a stab at overcoming their deficiencies in this regard.

W. F. McKee

"EVERYTIME I hear the 'Quiz Kids' on the radio, or the experts on 'Information Please,' and then consider what a memory I have, I'd like to take poison." This complaint voiced by an average American businessman, can find its counterpart on the lips of thousands of other individuals. For not only in the schoolroom, but in every kind of human activity and with every possible class of people, memory failure and its train of consequences is a source of social, intellectual or economic failure, either slight or great. But before Mr. Jones, American, perhaps at the moment suffering from a case of "I-just-forgot-my-wife's-birthday" blues, reaches for the arsenic, he should consider this. Memories, good memories, astounding memories can be made. One does not have to be born with them.

In ancient times many men spent practically their whole lives memorizing and teaching how to memorize. They made a business of it. Today some farsighted men make memory acuteness serve their business. A trainman, to save steps, used to memorize the numbers on each freight car as it flew past his vantage point. This was much easier than walking perhaps a half mile or more and laboriously copying them down as he had done for years before. Many detectives memorize the faces and facts on the "Wanted" posters. One alert plainclothesman captured a fugitive whose picture he had seen twelve years before. Lawyers and physicians, admit

that not only does a ready memory save time, but careers and lives as well.

Memories can be made. It is true that many people haven't the natural capacity for such feats as memorizing the Greek Iliad and Odessey in less than a month as Joseph Scaliger did. Nor can they become so adept as the enterprising young man, who, on a bet, memorized a Sears-Roebuck catalogue in a few days. But to know a few practical facts about memory and to practice them can perfect the memory far beyond fairest expectations.

For all practical purposes the memory can be defined as a storehouse of past impressions. Psychologists and many doctors today claim that every impression we receive, every thought, every act, is recorded somewhere in this great storehouse of the mind. Nothing, therefore, is ever absolutely forgotten. It is common knowledge that a dying person recalls vividly all the incidents of his past life with their details. Often in a dream we see long forgotten faces, hear and recognize voices long faded from our consciousness.

Coleridge brings out this fact in a story of a woman he knew. This woman, who could neither read nor write, being seized with fever, began talking intelligent sentences in Latin, Greek and Hebrew. No explanation could be found and she was believed to be possessed by a devil. A physician, determined to solve the mystery (not

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believing in devils), discovered after much investigation that the woman, at the age of nine, had been employed in the household of an old professor. The professor used to walk about the house reciting passages in Hebrew, Latin and Greek from the classics of those languages. From his constant recitations the sentences were imprinted indelibly on her memory.

Memory has two primary functions: first, it stores away impressions, and secondly, it recalls them. The better the impression is stored away, the easier it is to recall it. If the impression is received with attention and concentration, is associated with something already known, and dwelt upon mentally for a time, its recall will be easy as lifting an eyelid. Attention and concentration are the keys to memory development. Undivided attention gives remarkably clear impressions and vastly increases the power of the faculty. It also gives it a strength which it ordinarily would not possess.

The importance of attention for receiving clear impressions can be seen from a consideration of what attention does to pains and aches. A pain, negligible when not attended to, becomes most annoying and sometimes unbearable when attention is directed to it. Doctors agree that circulation can be increased in any organ and part of the body by increased attention diverted there. Psychiatrists know cases where a "paralyzed" arm or leg is merely one to which there has been directed a great deal of morbid attention. Therefore if attention can make such impressions upon other parts of the body it surely can on that part which is the memory.

Henry Clay could so absorb himself in his considerations that his friends would have to stick pins in

his legs to tell him it was time to speak in the Assembly. Abraham Lincoln was a master at concentration. While working at the general store of Berry & Lincoln he could so wrap himself up in such works as "Blackstone's Commentaries on the Laws of England" that a customer would rather try another store than attempt to arouse him. This ability to concentrate absorbingly seems to have been characteristic of great minds and great men from Aristotle to Einstein.

The second function of memory, recall, is often most difficult for many people, but for the expert no task at all. St. Alphonsus Liguori is said to have quoted from memory most of the 50,000 quotations found in his *Moral Theology*. Archbishop Spellman is reported never to forget a face or a name. The prize for recalling, however, goes to a young Corsican pupil who could repeat backward and forward 36,000 unconnected words, after having heard them but once. He said he could have done better but the men reading to him became exhausted. This happened in the 12th century when what we would call marvelous memories were as common as books.

There is some explanation for the legends and tales of memory-marvels of centuries gone by. Since books were very rare and too expensive, men were forced to memorize if they were to preserve their culture. Such huge works as the Holy Bible, the Talmud of the Jews, the Vidas of the Hindus were handed down orally from one generation to another. The Chinese still hand down many legends and much ancestral lore and even today are noted for their memory feats. It is said that if the Chinese classics were destroyed today, fully a million

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Chinese could repeat them perfectly tomorrow.

With the dawn of printing men found it unnecessary to memorize things which they could find in books. But they lost not only the art of memorizing matters of great length, but also the art of training the memory to remember ordinary things.

Even from earliest times there have been artificial methods of memorizing, as compared to learning by endless repetition (rote), or memorizing by careful analysis combined with some repetition. Mnemonics (the art of developing the memory) is said to have originated with Simonides the Grecian poet, who lived about 500 B.C. Once after he had suddenly been summoned from a banquet hall, the walls and ceiling collapsed and all the remaining guests were killed. Their bodies were so mutilated that they could not be identified. Simonides came to the rescue by marking on a chart from memory where each guest had been reclining and thus the bodies were identified. He was so acclaimed for this contribution of his memory that he decided to train others to memorize too. He seems to have been the first to have compared the memory to a great hall with many compartments in it. Every item to be recalled was carefully catalogued and placed in a certain order in a special compartment. Many memory systems today are based on this process.

Mnemonics reached its climax in the 19th century, when systems were so elaborate that a second system was needed to remember the first system whereby the original thing was to be remembered.

One system was the figure alphabet. To the numbers from 1 to 10 were assigned the consonants of the alpha-

bet in a certain order. The principle was to remember all dates, statistics, etc. (anything with numbers in it) by means of words. So to remember the number of Indians in the United States, say 241,392, all that had to be done was to figure out what consonant should fit under each number. Then proper vowels should be fitted to the consonants to make a word, or set of words, which should closely correspond with the figure to be remembered. To remember the number of Indians, they would perspiringly arrive at such a thing as "no red man happy." Thus when a stranger would drop the "Indian" question to such a mnemonic expert casually walking down the street, all the expert would have to do would be to recall the phrase, drop the vowels, fit the consonants to the numbers . . . and he would have the answer. Some people find this simple.

Correlation was and is quite popular in the science of mnemonics. There are several correlative systems. The first can be best understood from some examples. If a language student wanted to remember the meaning of the German word *Freude* the correlative might be: *freude* — Friday — free-day — play-day — Joy; or the French word *malheur*: thus *malheur* — mail-hour — missing train — *misfortune*. Should a Japanese steelworker want to correlate the name of the man who led the first bombers over Japan with something with which he is familiar, his correlation might run like this: *steel-factory* — no more — little — *Doolittle*. Many professors assert such correlations, since there is a logical connection between facts, have the quality of making the memory retain the meaning after one attentive and

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thoughtful perusal. Although it might take more time to figure out and learn the correlation, still it would be a great deal less time than learning by rote and then learning imperfectly.

The most prominent and satisfactory form of correlation is that of remembering by relations. This means that the idea or fact is taken apart to see if there can be found in it an element that is related to something already known. A true association of ideas. This is what the educators mean when they talk of "keeping the intellect working with the senses in memorizing." A simple example: the noted volcano of Japan, Fujiyama, is 12,365 feet high. The individual with a trained mind would immediately see that the height of the mountain is expressed in the number of months and days of the year. This is finding by relation. Things remembered by such intellectual relations are very easy to recall.

The art of keeping the intellect working constantly with the senses can be expressed in a few simple laws. There is, first, the law of inclusion. We remember by this method when our analysis shows that the thing to be remembered is included in some way in another thing we already know. This inclusion can be by genus or species, by the abstract or concrete, by similarity of sound, or by simple inclusion. Simple inclusion is present when the things have something in common, as temple, church. The second law, that of exclusion, is remembering by contrasts or opposites, such as joy, sorrow. Concurrence is the last law. Here we remember by adverting to a relation caused either by an accidental union such as, gravitation" and "Sir Isaac Newton,"

or by cause and effect, such as "gravitation" and "heavy."

Psychologists say that the art of remembering can be reduced to a few fundamental principles. They maintain that with these in hand any normal individual can better his own memory and to a very great extent if they are perseveringly applied.

These are the principles: 1) careful selection should be made of what is to be memorized. Whatever can be learned in another way ought not to be memorized. Also, many things are not worth memorizing. 2) the individual should put his whole attention on the matter. 3) by analysis or synthesis he should try to find or make logical connections between the new thing to be remembered and something else, already well known. 4) he should use as many senses as possible during repetition constantly adverting to the relation. 5) things should be memorized in small portions, often repeating what has been previously learned. Repetition is essential even for the best memories. 6) memorize something every day, and increase the quota until the limit is found. 7) the basic fact to be kept before the mind is that the intellect should constantly work with the senses in order that memorizing may never descend to mere rote. For the highest type of remembering is remembering by relations, i.e., by ideas, the lowest remembering by mere words or sounds.

From memory practice and the consequent memory skill which *must* accompany such practice two other valuable assets flow. These are the increased powers of concentration and observation. A ready memory makes many benefits. Make yourself a memory.

Restless

I fain would walk in heaven's field
And stand knee-deep in stars;
Or climb the corridors of clouds
To search the moon — or Mars.

But being bound to shallow earth
— A prisoner, you see,
Of flesh and blood — my eyes at least
Can banquet on a sea

Of sun-spilt wine; Or I can walk
Beneath the forest eaves
And hear the wind go shouldering
Its way through crowds of leaves — —

Until my soul can gaze upon
The majesty of God.

J. PEIFER



Side Glances

By the Bystander

Delayed thoughts on V-E Day and San Francisco UNCIO: V-E Day arrived on the American scene shorn of surprise and riddled with anti-climaxes. The Associated Press, obviously determined to better the record of the United Press, which created only one false armistice day at the end of the first world war, came up with two abortive victory days this time. The first one it pinned on that legendary figure in American journalism, "a high official" or "an unimpeachable source," which turned out to be a senator exercising his American prerogative of guessing. The second was credited to an Associated Press Correspondent in Germany, who broke an oath he had freely taken not to reveal negotiations of the Allied Command until they gave the word. He explained his breach of faith by saying that he did not consider the oath binding. Could that be significant of what will be said about the solemn treaties, pacts and agreements that nations are solemnly signing these days?

It was probably good that V-E Day was like a fire-cracker that had fizzled most of its powder away before exploding, or like a bottle of champagne from which the "zip" had escaped. The celebrating was temperate and subdued, as it might not have been, had the news broken suddenly and unexpectedly. Three things made moderation the only proper mood: 1) the thought of the men who will never return from Europe; 2) the fact of the Japanese war, which in a sense, is only beginning now; 3) the difficulties which, even on V-E Day, were being faced by the men in San Francisco who were bravely trying to create a war-less world.

History has never given human beings a better chance to learn the necessity of principles, dogmas, definitions, objective truths agreed on by all, than it is giving today. For those who think, San Francisco should be the end once and for all of those foolish statements that have echoed so long and so loud in American classrooms: "Truth is relative. Dogmas are irrational. There are no

universal, unchangeable principles of human conduct." All the attempts of statesmen to put down on paper a platform of international conduct that will prevent war and promote universal prosperity run afoul of the failure to agree on principles, definitions, dogmas, truths. They write down: "In the new order there will be justice for all." One statesman has in mind that justice means only making everybody else give him what he thinks is his due; another has justice confused with revenge, or ambition, or jealousy; another calls it "enlightened self-interest." Another signs the document with his tongue in his cheek because his government doesn't believe that there is any such thing as justice in the sense of virtue. So it goes. This is not written merely for the sake of pessimism. It is written to point the lesson that should need no pointing: Peace, for individuals as well as for nations, rests on truth, and truth is not something that the mind fashions for itself, but something that the mind accepts as the lungs accept air and eyes light. When two men, trying to reach a practical agreement, insist on their spurious right to define terms and interpret principles as they please, it is clear that any agreement they reach is going to culminate in a fist fight some day.

The *New Yorker*, a magazine dedicated to humor, grew grave over the San Francisco deliberations in a recent issue and made one historic remark. It said that the highest point in the development of civilization in modern times occurred during the dark days in England immediately following on Dunkerque, when, almost in despair of survival, Churchill offered to unite England to France as one nation. National humility never offered more. But the moment passed and Churchill is even now sparring with France again. With the *New Yorker*, one wonders into how deep a bath of blood, sweat and tears nations will have to be plunged again to offer so perfect a brotherhood to other nations. Just suggest such a thing in the gay atmosphere of San Francisco

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and see how far you get. Yet the term "brotherhood" will be used all over the place, and each delegate will have his own idea of what it means.

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As it is with the terms "justice" and "brotherhood," so it is with the term "democracy." How much time, money, energy and verbiage would be spared if only the delegates at San Francisco would devote one single meeting to the definition of the term "democracy." What a world of experience and statecraft the leaders of all nations would acquire through the mere process of asking the representatives of the "United Nations" to stand up one by one, and declare to the assembled meeting their definition, understanding and convictions about "democracy." Immediately it would be seen that the word is being given a dozen different interpretations. For Americans it means government of, for and by the people; inalienable rights that the state cannot modify or destroy; free speech, worship, assembly and suffrage. For Russia, the most vociferous self-styled champion of democracy in the world, the word is taken to mean practically the opposite of all it means in America: government by a totalitarian clique; the denial of free speech, worship, assembly and suffrage, and the scoffing at both the idea and reality of rights held by individuals. Can these two nations, with any semblance of sanity, solemnly sign a document which reads: "We dedicate ourselves to the establishment of democracy everywhere in the world, and shall use force to check any attacks on democracy?" It just doesn't make sense.

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Instead of resulting in a kind of grim and dour pessimism, all this should engender a sense of joyous conviction in the minds of those who have known all along the importance of truth as the foundation of right conduct and peace. It is the intelligent Catholic who possesses such knowledge. He knows that truth is a rock that the human mind cannot melt, change, chip or destroy. When he talks about justice, he knows what justice is, and that there are no two ways about it; he knows what it commands and what it forbids. So with brotherhood and democracy and charity and fidelity and chastity and religion. If he fails against these things, he doesn't say he has a new idea of justice or charity or chastity; he knows he has failed and that justice or charity or chastity can-

not change for him; he has to change for them if he wants peace and salvation. Moreover he is not rendered miserable by the fact that others—even other nations—are everlastingly reshaping justice and charity and all the virtues to fit their selfish whims, thus everlastingly promoting wars. He knows that he himself has a destiny that war and injustice and cruelty cannot touch nor impede; it is the destiny of saving his own immortal soul for heaven. Lastly, he knows that in saving his soul by conforming to the certain truth of what constitutes the various virtues, he is promoting peace, leading others toward peace, showing up the futility of those who dream of peace without seeking truth as its foundation.

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Examples of how this fidelity to principle and solution of personal problems appeal to the unobstructed human mind are evident every day and on every hand. In ten thousand Catholic rectory parlors discussions are taking place this moment that have more to do with lasting peace than the highly publicized, luxuriously surrounded discussions of San Francisco. That may seem to be an exaggeration, yet it has an unassailable truth. The outcome of discussions between interested seekers after religious truth is not in doubt; they will find it and love it and be saved by it, as surely as God made truth and made very human mind capable of embracing it. But the outcome of the discussions at San Francisco is in no wise certain. Everybody hopes and prays that they will mean lasting peace; but everybody has his doubts, just because nobody can be certain what is in the various delegates' minds and how they will interpret the decisions that are agreed upon. It is just this doubt and uncertainty, this hesitancy about trusting one's future to changeable and ignorant and sometimes unprincipled men, that makes people look for something solid and trustworthy—as solid as truth and as trustworthy as God. It is mortality that makes man dream of immortality; it is imperfection in others that makes him want perfection in himself; it is war and rumors of war that makes him seek for personal security and peace. All these things are found by the thousands and thousands of converts who march into the cool comfort of the Catholic Church each year, knowing that this is their sanctuary—from mortality and imperfection and the hurts of all man-made wars.



Catholic Anecdotes

"When the Devil Is Sick . . ."

It is told of the atheistic and pessimistic philosopher, Schopenhauer, that when, during his last illness he was tormented with pain, he often cried out: "O God! O my God!"

One day, hearing him cry thus, his doctor said to him: "Oh, does your philosophy admit of a God after all?"

Schopenhauer answered: "Well, a man could hardly survive these pains without a God. When I regain my health, things will be different again."

Humility in Prayer

A CERTAIN king had established the custom of saying night prayers together with his household. One evening a newly hired servant, who was reading the prayers together with the king for the first time, instead of reading the phrase "The Lord bless you," said in its place: "The Lord bless your royal majesty."

"What is that?" said the king.

The servant, thinking he had not said enough, improvised a little more. "The Lord bless your royal and most noble majesty," he intoned.

The king cried out in anger: "You fool! Do you want to ruin our prayers? What are you and I before God? The prayer says, 'God bless you' — do you hear! — *you!* Before God I am a miserable worm!"

Royal Audience

When Father Bernard Vaughan was the most popular preacher in England, King Edward VII, who at that

time was still Prince of Wales, desired to hear him. He sent a messenger beforehand to the good Jesuit Father to ask whether he would object to the presence of the Prince at his next Sunday's sermon.

"Why, how could I object?" said the priest.

"Well," said the messenger, "the Prince feared you might be nervous before the royal company."

Father Vaughan answered: "I am accustomed to preach in the presence of the King of kings. Tell the Prince that I shall not be made nervous by the presence of anyone else, whosoever it may be."

Gratitude

Once when St. Lawrence was kneeling at prayer near a window of his prison, the sun rose. Filled with enthusiasm, the saint cried out:

"A short time ago it was still night. Now it is light. God has caused a new day to dawn."

Amazed at his enthusiasm, his fellow prisoners exclaimed: "Day in and day out it is the same. The sun comes and goes. That is no miracle."

"It is a miracle," answered the saint, "and at the same time an admonition. Unceasingly we should thank the Creator for the eternal renewing of the world. But man is small and imperfect and therefore, because he sees them every day, he forgets God's wonders, which are offered to us every moment of our existence."



Pointed Paragraphs

Danger of Relapse

A confidential report from Germany tells us that the chaplains of the American forces are having their hands full trying to offset the decline of the GI's interest in religion and of his fidelity to ideals that has set in with the end of hostilities and the lifting of danger. It is said that opportunities for evil have naturally multiplied with peace, and that many who never missed a Mass they could attend when the guns were firing are no longer concerned about even their essential duties. The religion that waxes strong in danger and wanes in safety is a cowardly kind of religion at best.

The problems of American soldiers still in Germany can be left to the capable hands of the chaplains. But something may be said here about the waxing and waning of religious spirit on the home front. It is as certain as sunrise that there will be many Catholics for whom the end of war and of danger to their loved ones will mean the end of fervor and probably even of fidelity. It will be interesting to watch the Catholics of America divide themselves into two groups: those who pray only out of fright and fear, and those who pray out of love and genuine friendship with God. The former are those for whom prosperity and peace are greater stumbling-blocks and dangers than want and war; the latter recognize God in

the sunshine as well as in the storms.

An easy way for any Catholic who is aware of the danger of letdown in his religious spirit to offset that danger is to make himself a constant attendant at daily Mass. It may seem like a hard thing at the start, requiring almost superhuman sacrifice. But the truth is that the sacrifice is little in comparison with the comfort, strength and security that flow from the practice. We prophecy grimly that American Catholics are going to need all the strength they can gain from daily Mass, to withstand both a wave of bigotry and an era of prosperity. Without it, many will surrender to one or the other enemy of their salvation.



Peace and Prejudice

One of the mysteries of human relations is the strange vitality of prejudice against the Catholic Church. The mystery deepens now, when at the end of one war in which Catholics threw the whole weight of their influence, energy, sacrifices and man power into the scales against tyranny, injustice and cruelty, voices are being viciously raised against them and their religion.

The most recent example is a book by H. G. Wells, who, though many of his recent pronouncements seem to manifest senile dotage, has one last violent blast to blow against the Catholic Church. Not that only, but an

ordinarily pious and soulful Protestant magazine in the United States has given the book a half-page of enthusiastic advertising, gloatingly quoting the following statement as a summary of the thesis of the book, which is titled and subtitled: "Crux Ansata—An Indictment of the Roman Catholic Church":

"As this present war goes on, and even if there is some sort of temporary half peace before it deepens into a tangle of minor wars, it will become plainer and plainer that it is no longer a geographically determined warfare of governments, nations and people, but the world-wide struggle of our species to release itself from the strangling octopus of the Catholic Church. Everywhere the Church extends its tentacles and fights to prolong the martyrdom of man."

Now that statement is pure bosh and drivel. Only the most crudely ignorant Protestant in the world can let himself be frightened by it, because, in this day of widespread information and publicity, it requires colossal ignorance not to know what the Catholic Church stands for, what she seeks, what are her principles and aims. Yet an otherwise dignified Protestant magazine honors it as the truth, making it hard not to suspect that its editors want to win "crudely ignorant" minds to the cause of prejudice.

What are called by Wells "the tentacles of the Church" are in reality only her impotent hands beckoning free men and women to find truth, peace and salvation in the bosom of God. We who have followed the beckoning hands know how gentle and comforting and secure is the haven that is offered to our bodies and our souls.

School Talk

One good fruit of the dangerous war time prosperity has been the opportunity it has given many Catholic dioceses to store up funds which, after V-J Day, will immediately be used to construct more Catholic high schools, so that much more nearly adequate facilities will be available in this regard. Two very heartening signs of vigorous Catholic faith have come out of the war. One is the fact that, with rising personal incomes, Catholic parents have literally swamped Catholic high school authorities with applications for their children. The second is the fact that Catholics so heartily supported the financial drives for more high schools wherever they were held. Some dioceses put away more than a million dollars for this purpose.

All this indicates appreciation of the sound psychological principle that a Catholic high school education is just as necessary—if not more so—for the formation of solid Catholics as a Catholic grade school education. The high school years are more truly formative years for a child than the previous ones, because during those years initiative begins to unfold.

During the summer months many parents will be talking over the choice of a school for their teen age children. They should not be unmindful either of the will of the Church or of the all but universal Catholic realization of the importance of a Catholic high school. Where drives for more high schools are yet to be held, let there be all-out enthusiasm and support. Two birds can be killed with one stone: war bonds can be bought, and turned over to the school funds for later use. Faith and democracy can be served in no better way.



Liguoriana



EXCERPTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ST. ALPHONSUS

Selected and Edited by J. Schaefer

Letters of St. Alphonsus

*To Sister Mary Ruggieri, at
Naples (Dec. 13, 1774)
Consolation in a Spiritual Trial*

Live Jesus, Mary and Joseph!

Sister Mary Angela has already informed me that the Lord has deprived you of your spiritual Father. She has also told me that you are greatly troubled because of this, and you have confirmed this by your letter. But you should know that every good thing that we have here below comes from God. Now, if it is God who has sent you this good spiritual Father, it is this same God who has taken him from you. Why, then, should you be so afflicted?

In order to merit heaven, we must will what God wills. And if God has wished to take from you what He Himself has freely given you, why should you not be satisfied? It is true, this is a question of a spiritual guide. But since you should conform yourself to the divine will, you should become calm and not grieve. For it should be your hope that the same Lord will not fail to send you another director, who will conduct you to heaven perhaps even more directly than your former one.

We must have a good intention to do good and to love God; then, everything will become easy, and will turn out well. Calm yourself, therefore, and bless God for what He has done for your good director. For, since he is

in heaven, he will not fail to pray to the Lord to send you another spiritual guide.

I, in my turn, will not cease to recommend you to Jesus Christ, that He may deign to console you by granting you His holy love, and all that you desire for the benefit of your soul. Meanwhile, pray to God for your deceased director, and say to Him: 'O Lord, I will what Thou wilt!'

As for the portrait, which you have had made, you may keep it in your room, that by reminding you of the good advice which your spiritual guide has so often given you, you may make it the object of your reflections and the rule of your conduct. According to your wish I will celebrate ten Masses, and I will pray in the holy Sacrifice for the soul of your confessor and for you.

Continue to love God, for He should be our only good. I bless you, and remain, my Reverend Mother,

Your very devoted servant,
Alphonsus Mary
Bishop of Saint Agatha

*To a Cousin, a Nun at Naples,
Nocera (Dec. 1782)*

Encouragement in Interior Trials

Reverend Mother:

You tell me that sometimes you believe that you are lost. Let us mutually console and encourage one another,

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for I, too, am passing through the same trial.

I am very near death, and yet temptations do not leave me. But I console myself, as you do, by looking at the crucifix. Let us, therefore, cling to the cross, and try always to keep our eyes fixed on our dying Saviour. While acting in this manner, we must hope that He will not send us to hell where we should be separated from Him, and remain incapable of loving Him forever. This would be the hell of our hell.

Let us, then, continue to say without ceasing: "O Lord, my God! Make me love Thee, and then do with me as Thou wilt. My sins merit every kind of punishment; punish me, then, as Thou wilt; but do not take from me, I beg of you, the power of loving Thee. Deprive me of everything, but do not permit me to be lost!"

I beg of you to recommend me to Our Lord, especially after Holy Communion. I will render you the same service. When death approaches I will let you know, so that you may aid me in a particular manner to pass into eternity.

Regardless of your desolation of soul, do not fail, when finishing your prayers, always to recommend poor sinners to our Lord.

Alphonsus Mary

*To Sister Brianna Carafa,
Nocera (May, 1782).*

Christian Indifference and Prayer.

Live Jesus; Mary and Joseph!

I have already written to you that I am no longer in a condition to read or answer letters.

I desire that you preserve calmness

when anything is said to you. You are constantly speaking to me about your niece, and you complain that you are anxious about her. Keep yourself in holy indifference in her regard by recommending her to Jesus Christ and to the Blessed Virgin, that she may know and accomplish the divine will.

As regards your interior life, it is not necessary for you to know that you are advancing; we must continue to labor, despite the darkness.

Be courageous, and fear nothing. Do not lose sight of Jesus Christ, whose life was a continual martyrdom. Unite your sufferings to His.

Remember me. I bless you and remain,

Alphonsus Mary de Liguori, Bishop.

*To Sister Brianna Carafa,
Nocera (Jan., 1783).*

Abandonment to God's Will.

Live Jesus, Mary and Joseph!

I received your letter yesterday, and I am answering it briefly.

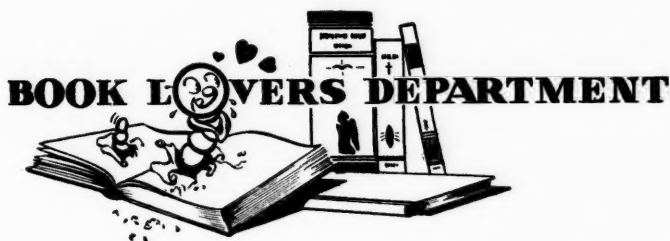
I understand the embarrassing circumstances in which you are placed. Keep yourself in holy indifference, ready to carry the cross that the Lord will send you. St. Francis de Sales sanctified himself by observing this one maxim: "Ask for nothing and refuse nothing." You also should put this into practice. Frequently repeat to yourself; "O Lord! I ask for nothing and desire nothing but thy holy will."

I will pray for you; be of good heart.

I bless you and always remain

Your very devoted and grateful servant,

Alphonsus Mary.



CATHOLIC AUTHORS

Katherine Burton 1890-

I. Life:

Katherine Kurz was born of Episcopalian parents in Cleveland in March of 1890. She attended the public school of Lakewood. Western Reserve University awarded her the B.A. Degree. Miss Kurz married Harry Payne Burton and they have two sons and one daughter. For many years she acted as associate editor of *McCall's* and then the *Red Book Magazine*. In 1930 Mrs. Burton entered the Catholic Church. She now lives in New York. Since 1934 she has conducted the Woman's page in the *Sign*.

II. Writings:

Mrs. Burton has long been a contributor to the periodicals. Since her conversion she has written for Catholic periodicals. But her principal work has been the series of Catholic biographies that have issued from her busy pen. The Catholic history of America has been her primary field. The biographies are not heavily documented, but rather popular, readable books. She is by no means a profound historian. In fact one of her books, *The Life of Father Hecker*, has been severely criticized because the author neglected to consult the documents on both sides of a controversy concerning Father Hecker. But in general her works are accurate and present a good introduction to some of the great American Catholics.

Paradise Planters is the story of Brook Farm. In its pages we meet some of the famous literary characters that lived at Brook Farm. Isaac Hecker and the greatest American convert, Orestes Brownson, play a large part in its pages. In *No Strange Land* is a

collection of stories about American converts. *Brother Andre* tells the story of the faith and devotion of a humble Holy Cross lay brother. Brother Andre built a magnificent Church dedicated to St. Joseph in Montreal. People sought his help in their ills of body and mind. *Celestial Homespun* narrates the interesting story of Father Hecker, the founder of the Paulist Fathers. Father Hecker began his new congregation of priests for the purpose of helping the non-Catholic American into the Church of Rome. *His Dear Persuasion* records the life story of the valiant Mother Seton.

III. The Book:

The biography selected for special mention is one of her early works, *Sorrow Built a Bridge*. It is the life story of Nathaniel Hawthorne's daughter, Rose. Rose's married life to her husband, George Lathrop, was none too happy. Both of them were converts to the Faith, but George's fondness for drink never allowed them to lead a normal married life. In her sorrow Mrs. Lathrop turned to works of charity. She dedicated her life to the care of incurable cancer patients. After her husband's death she took the name of Mother Alphonsa after St. Alphonsus who had known sorrow and disappointment in his life. She gathered her followers into a religious congregation under the patronage and rule of St. Dominic. Mother Alphonsa is still living and almighty God has prospered her work. *Sorrow Built a Bridge* will introduce its readers to a very noble, self sacrificing character.

July Book Reviews

A Catholic Novel

Bay Mild (Bruce, 220pp., \$2.00) is the story of Northern Michigan written by Louis Kintziger. Bay Mild's father was a social outcast, his step-mother was a shiftless half-breed. His life was that of a poor fisherman on Lake Michigan. Dirty and ragged as he was, he still hoped to make thunder that would be heard beyond the hovel in which he lived. The story unfolds how he finally found himself. His determination to make a success of life carried him over all obstacles.

Louis Kintziger writes an interesting tale that holds the attention. The characters have the ring of reality to them. But there are some defects in this novel. The author evidently intends to write a character analysis of the hero. In some respects the analysis is not satisfactory. Only a superficial presentation is made of Bay Mild. The religious element seems to have been added to an already completed book. The religious ending is unexpected and totally unprepared for by what has gone before. In general the book manifests lack of depth and an artificiality of plot and character analysis. Despite these defects *Bay Mild* remains a novel that will please.

Catholic Authors

Only recently have Catholics become aware of the authors they have in their midst. From many different sources works about Catholic authors are coming. *The Gallery of Living Catholic Authors* (Webster College) has been founded to encourage our authors. A booklet has just been published which lists all the authors that belong to the Gallery and the Academy. The important dates and works of each author are listed alphabetically. Sister Mary Joseph, S.L., deserves great credit for this project that has received international recognition. *The Gallery of Living Catholic Authors* outlines all the activities of the group. Catholic authors and readers should help this worthwhile project.

Walter Romig and Company have added two more works about Catholic authors to those they have already published. Sr. Mary Anthony Scally has collected data on *Negro Catholic writers* (152pp., \$2.20). The period covered is from 1900 to 1943. Most of the facts have been gathered in personal contact with the authors. Journalists who have

not written signed articles have not been included in the list. The biographies cover the main features of the person and are written in short essay form. Religion, missions, and race problems seem to be the favorite topics for the Negro pen, although there are many contributions in the field of pure Letters. Many of the writers are priests or students for the priesthood. A large percentage of the work consists of articles published in various magazines. The surprising feature of the bio-biography is the large number of Negro Catholics who have taken to writing. This book should be a revelation to those who are not familiar with the great progress of the Church among the Colored people.

Brother David, C.S.C., has compiled a list of *American Catholic Convert Authors* (259pp., \$2.75). In the preface John Moody offers some reflections on the necessity that some converts feel to write about their personal experiences in their journey to the Church. The birthplace and birthdate, education, previous religion, time of conversion and some general details are furnished about each author. A bibliography suggests further reading material about them. The entries are short, but contain the basic facts that are desired. In appendices Brother David presents a chronology of converts, and also a table giving the years in which they entered the Catholic Church. A brief list mentions the names of some authors who are commonly considered to be converts, but are not. For example, we learn that John Farrow was a Catholic all the time. The last appendix contains a list of publishers.

Both these books should be in every Catholic library. Even a cursory reading will serve to awaken interest and enthusiasm for the writers who profess the Faith. Sr. Mary Anthony and Brother David are to be congratulated for the time and research they have put into their volumes. We hope that Walter Romig and Company will continue the series of *Books of Catholic Authors*.

Books for Religious

In recent years many good books have appeared that have an appeal to souls consecrated to God in the religious life. Especially have religious nuns themselves written books that show understanding of the human heart and the problems of re-

The Liguorian

ligious. All the knowledge of modern psychology has been made available to writers on religious themes. Venerable Mother Julianne Morell was a gifted and saintly Dominican nun of the seventeenth century. Yet her *Meditations on Eternity for Religious* (Pustet 146pp., \$2.50) has an appeal to a twentieth century Sister. She tells us that our whole life is placed between two eternities: The eternity of happiness and the eternity of terror and unhappiness. The first part of the book shows the eternity of God's love for souls and for religious in particular. The second section develops the central idea of the two eternities. The third part suggests the helps that will enable the soul to gain an eternity of happiness. The book is well written; the meditations are not developed fully, but are rather points that would call forth further thoughts. Each section includes some readings in the New Testament and the Imitation of Christ. The only adverse comment is on the price that is placed on this work. Two dollars and a half seems to be too high a price for the fewness of the pages.

Rev. Andrew Green, O.S.B., writes *A Retreat for Religious* (Herder 191pp., \$2.00). The whole point of the work is to lead the religious to turn entirely to God. After establishing the fundamental truths about the goal in life and sin as defection from this goal, the author treats such subjects as conversion, Imitation of Christ, mortification and prayer. The chapter on some of the trials of the religious life will be helpful to many. The book shows that Father Green knows the group to which he is addressing these conferences. Unlike the work mentioned above, the meditations are fully developed. *A Retreat for Religious* will be of benefit to retreat masters and retreatants.

Vocation Thoughts

Many young boys and girls are wondering what they will be. The Grail has published two booklets that will help them decide their vocation. *Christ Calls* (72pp., \$.25 for single copies) by Rev. Theodore Heck, O.S.B., is a guidebook on stimulating vocations for the use of Grade and High School teachers. The first half treats of the various types of work done by the different religious orders. The second and larger section gives various means that teachers can use to foster vocations among their pupils. An appendix contains a list of the religious communities that

exist in the United States and the type of work proper to them. *Follow Christ* (112pp., \$.25 for single copy) is a collection of essays written by members of different religious orders on the work to which they are dedicated. Bishop Griffin of Trenton writes of the Family as the nursery of vocations. Father Lord, S.J., explains to parents their role in regard to the choice of vocation to their children. The boy or girl who is trying to choose a special religious order will find that the purpose and scope of many different groups of religious are explained. The booklet is well illustrated with scenes from the lives of the members of the orders. Both these booklets are very practical for all those called to give vocational guidance. *Follow Christ* could be read with great profit by any boy or girl who has not yet determined on his or her place in life.

For Priests —

The Newman Book Shop has published two booklets that are of interest to priests. *The Calling of the Diocesan Priest* (68pp. paper cover, \$.50) is written by Rev. Joseph Clifford Fenton, S.T.D. The author maintains that the Primary purpose of the religious priesthood is the personal sanctification of the priest, while the purpose of the diocesan priesthood is to co-operate directly in the priesthood of Christ in the salvation of souls. Father Fenton goes on to examine the training of the diocesan priest in the seminary, his life of prayer and the spirit that animates the diocesan clergy. *The Calling of the Diocesan Priest* presents some stimulating thoughts on the difference between the religious and diocesan priesthood. The clergy will realize the high dignity that is theirs to share in the eternal priesthood of Christ.

Rev. Edmond Darvil Benard, S.T.D., has issued a little pamphlet on *The Appeal to the Emotions in Preaching* (46pp., \$.50). The author is Instructor in Homiletics at the Catholic University. A clear discussion on the Thomistic theory of emotions lays the foundation for the practical appeal to the emotions in preaching. The technique of using the emotions in preaching is well explained. Examples are given from the famous sermon of Massillon on the fewness of the elect and Cardinal Newman's sermon on The Second Spring. Doctrine is taken from the classics of Quintillian, Aristotle and Cicero.



Lucid Intervals

A wealthy Baltimore dowager was driving home from her first-aid course in her shiny Cadillac when she suddenly spied a man lying flat on his face in the middle of the street. "Stop the car, Charles," she cried to her chauffeur. "Here's my chance to practice what I learned in class today."

She piled out of the car, landed her full 180 pounds astride the prone figure, and began pumping the man's arms violently up and down. The surprised victim finally managed to find his voice. "For the luvva Mike, lady," he entreated, "leave me be, willya? I don't know what you're doing but I'm trying to locate a leak in this sewer."

Countless slogans, of course, have been dreamed up by enterprising copywriters intent upon bolstering the public morale. One that we liked reads, "Let's all keep our shirts on but, for heaven's sake, let's roll up our sleeves." Another apt admonition reads, "A display of flags is not enough. We must win by hitting, not bunting."

A Frenchman was relating his experience in studying the English language. He said: "When I first discovered that if I was quick, I was fast; that if I was tied I was fast; if I spent too freely, I was fast; and that not to eat was to fast, I was discouraged. But when I came across the sentence, 'The first one won one dollar prize,' I gave up trying."

There he was, swimming in the cold water, battling heroically against the waves. "Just a half-mile more," he thought, "and I'll make the shore." His strokes were getting weaker. He could hardly lift an arm any more. The beach was only a few yards away. His last efforts were too much. He began to grow dizzy. Then his head began to swim and carried him to shore.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
A line of cars winds slowly o'er the lea,
A pedestrian plods his absent-minded way
And leaves the world quite unexpectedly.

It was a full half-hour after taps, but the sergeant detected sounds that gave away a crap game in progress on the floor above. "Sam," he said to the private who was helping him with the pay roll. "Go upstairs and break up that crap game."

Sam was gone a full hour. He came in with a happy smile on his face. "Didn't I tell you to break up that crap game?" roared the sergeant, whose accounts weren't balancing anyhow. "What in heck took you so long?"

"I broke up the game just like you said, sir," replied Sam. "But you gotta remember that I only had a quarter to start with."

The Army cook had just whipped up orders of scrambled eggs for a hungry mob of soldiers. Wearied by his herculean efforts, he sat in a shady spot under a nearby elm tree, yawned, lit a black cigar, and wrote a note to his sweetheart. "Darling," he began. "For the past three hours shells have been bursting all around me."

¶
Ef I wuz de President
Of des United States,
I'd live on 'lasses candy
An' swing on all de gates!

¶
There's the Scotchman who signs all telegrams he sends his girl "Xerxes." In that way he gets in two kisses without paying for them.

¶
Pat wanted to borrow some money from Michael, who happened to have a small boy with him at the moment. "'Tis a fine kid you have there, Mike," said Pat. "A magnificent head and noble features. Could you loan me ten?"

"I could not," replied Mike. "'Tis me wife's child by her first husband."

¶
There was a Young Lady of Parma,
Whose conduct grew calmer and calmer:
When they said, "Are you dumb?" she
merely said, "Hum!"
That provoking Young Lady of Parma.

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The following films have been rated as unobjectionable by the board of reviewers:

UNOBJECTIONABLE FOR GENERAL PATRONAGE

Reviewed This Week

Junior Miss
Woman in Green, The

Previously Reviewed

Along Came Jones
Bells of Rosarita, The
Beyond the Pecos
Boston Blackie Booked on Suspicion
Both Barrels Blazing
Captain Tugboat Annie
Cisco Kid Returns, The
Corpus Christi Bandits
Docks of New York
Enchanted Cottage, The
Enemy of the Law
Escape in the Fog
Fashion Model
Gangs of the Waterfront
Great Stagecoach Robbery, The
Her Lucky Night
Here Come the Co-eds
Hollywood and Vine
House of Fear
Identity Unknown
I'll Tell the World
Keep Your Powder Dry
Keys of the Kingdom, The
Leave It to Blondie
Lone Texas Ranger, The
Magnificent Rogue, The
Meet Me in St. Louis
Mr. Mugs Rides Again
Navajo Trail, The
Oregon Trail
Patrick the Great
Renegades of the Rio Grande
Return of the Durango Kid, The
Road to Alcatraz
Rockin' in the Rockies
Rough Ridin' Justice
Saddle Leather Law
Sagebrush Heroes
Scared Stiff
Scarlet Clue, The
Scotland Yard Investigator
See My Lawyer
Sheriff of Cimarron
Silver Fleet, The
Sing Your Way Home
Son of Lassie
Stranger from Santa Fé
Tarzan and the Amazons
Texas Manhunt

There Goes Kelly
They Met in the Dark
They Shall Have Faith
Three Caballeros
Thunderhead
Topeka Terror
Unseen, The
Utah
West of the Pecos

UNOBJECTIONABLE FOR ADULTS

Reviewed This Week

Bewitched
Blonde from Brooklyn
Cisco Kid in Old New Mexico
Flame of the West
Isle of the Dead
Trouble Chasers
Weekend at the Waldorf

Previously Reviewed

Adventures of Kitty O'Day
Back to Bataan
Bedside Manner
Behind City Lights
Betrayal from the East
Big Bonanza, The
Big Show-Off, The
Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe
Blonde Ransom
Blood on the Sun
Brewster's Millions
Brighton Strangler
Bring on the Girls
Chicago Kid
China Sky
China's Little Devils
Christmas in Connecticut
Circumstantial Evidence
Clock, The
Colonel Blimp
Conflict
Counter-Attack
Crime Doctor's Courage, The
Crime, Inc.
Dangerous Passage
Dillinger
Double Exposure
Earl Carroll Vanities
Escape in the Desert
Eve Knew Her Apples
Fighting Guardsman, The
Flame of Barbary Coast
Frisco Sal
Gentle Annie
God Is My Co-Pilot

Guy, a Pal, a Gal, A
Hangover Square
Having Wonderful Crime
High Powered
Honeymoon Ahead
Horn Blows at Midnight, The
Hotel Berlin
I Love a Mystery
I'll Be Seeing You
I'll Remember April
It's a Pleasure
It's in the Bag
Kid Sister, The
Lost in a Harem
Marshall of Laredo
Medal for Benny, A
Missing Corpse, The
Molloy and Me
Mr. Emmanuel
Mummy's Curse, The
Murder, He Says
Objective Burma
Out of This World
Pan-Americana
Penthouse Rhythm
Picture of Dorian Gray, The
Power of the Whistler
Practically Yours
Randolph Family, The
Rough, Tough and Ready
Song for Miss Julie
Song of Mexico
Song to Remember, A
Southerner, The
Spell of Amy Nugent
Steppin' in Society
Strange Illusion
Sudan
Suspect, The
Swingin' on a Rainbow
Swing Out, Sister
Tahiti Nights
Ten Cents a Dance
That's the Spirit
They Came to a City
Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo
Those Endearing Young Charms
Three's a Crowd
Thrill of a Romance
Tree Grows in Brooklyn, A
Twice Blessed
Two O'Clock Courage
Valley of Decision
Way Ahead, The
What a Blonde
Where Do We Go from Here?
Wonder Man
Youth Affair
Youth on Trial
Zombies on Broadway